

THE LATE LATE CHRISTMAS 1984 ISSUE
or the unbelievably early Christmas 1985 issue
FOR FOOLISH Minded people Everywhere!



FUNZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

3

25p

SINATRA IN BEAL INTERVIEW
SHOCK! The crooning inebriate talks!

& HEAPS
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3



PUNKS IN INTERVIEW, SHOCK, IN-DEPTH PROBE-TYPE

GASP SCANDAL ETC.



Or just an excuse for THE ABUSE to push weather beaten features onto the pages of The Beal?

HUGH BASTARD Our man in debt, investigates.....

NESTLING on a large piece of ground somewhere in the Northern hemisphere, lies Edinburgh, city of a thousand zillion pigeon droppings and ice cream shops (Surely there is no connection there?) with a large ex-council castle, a long piece of tarmac called Princes street & more famous to vertical haired hordes as being home of the Explicit Exploited... how has punk rock managed to get by since those days... are there still hordes of tartan trousered gluebag wielding hooligans, shouting "Exploited barny army" and pinching one another's chips? or has the scene mellowed out, into Oi Polloi fanatics and the like... Polloi persons inc may be the band from the haggis capital that most people would be able to remember most nowadays, but what of the others?

During my recent soggy stay in the Burghy to see the mucho-band gig with Political Asylum etc, i was put under shelter by a foolish gent called BOGGY, before long i realised that he was in one of the bands due to play at that suspicious gig, namely THE ABUSE. I had met up these words some where, and had vague familiarity with the title, i had not heard them though. Next day i did. I was immediately highly impressed. That chap Boggy played a mean bass and their songs were definately wipeout material.... an earful of the live tape afterwards affirmed this passing notion. So what more could i do but try and aid their progress and/or stunt their growth by putting in a disgustingly silly piece of typed atrocities into issue 3? I could have done worse mind you... i could have got Jimmy the HOOVER (Remember him?) to do a bit of literate suction, and THEN where would we be?

I do nt know a single scrap of info about these unsavoury chip chompers, so perhaps i should be pitied for going raging into an interview without the L - plates on? Hmmmmmm.... Okay, seeing as i have no information other than INTERPOL files to go on, howzabouts you lads introducing yourselves to

all the BEAL readers, who may at this moment be reading this section in the comfort of their lavvy? "Hello Beal readers! how are you? my names Phil, sat on it, or did you keep your trousers on? If so,

change your pants you dirty bastard!" Phil by the way, is the beat-nik drum chum fellow... Stix etc, Big Boggy, feared by all and loved by none (Bar his pet hound) "Hi there all you constipated rockers! Boggy here, the hunky bass player of that astounding rock 'n' roll band, the Abuse..." And now to Harry - karriout. "Hello Beal, i'm Harry the singer of, well..... i stand behind a mike,"

ENOUGH SAID! a ripe and ready intro there, from 3 Abused bodies, minds and pairs of underpants (Mauve) The 4th member, Pete, has gone away on Political Asylum support duties, playing Rivvumm guitar, but seeing as he's in their interview, we can't go giving the fellow 2 features can we? Before you know it he'll be selling his story to the "Daily Mail".....

The ABUSE exclusive snap. circa 1983 (honest!)

the ABUSE

4

Righto, er...have you done any more gigs since the Kircaldy bash, then lads? i ask in all due faith and mucho quivering of hands (This interview was conducted in Harry's Fridge freezer) Phil brushes off the icy fallout. "No, but we could have played a gig at Loanhead, but our stand in guitarist pissed off to Ireland with the band he plays for, the not-so-mighty Political Asylum (YUK!) We have some gigs coming up though." Was all Phil could muster up warmth to say, before he fell into the coleslaw and had to be dragged out by a refrigerator rescue team. And now to the rest, while Phil defrosts. What occupies your minds when you get right on down, grab the quill pen and ink and scribble down the songs? Harry. "Anything that comes to mind really, it could be about something i've heard or read about but usually it's about something that i feel strongly about." Like running out of money for the electric meter during the late film?

A new era in live lightshows, the ABUSE dazzle the audience, Harry exploding on stage, Edinburgh 1984.

Well.... i see phil has returned and we are urged to move into the slightly more comfy confines of somewhere or other. How long have each of you been bashing away at your instruments (Musical ones, that is) Did you become forced, at the age of eight, to take up piano lessons, gradually progressing to where ye are now? or not, as the case may be..... Boggy; "Well i originally wanted to become a famous tap dancer (PLEASE do'nt do the awful joke about falling into the sink, For god's sake have mercy man!). But my mother wouldn't hear of such a thing (PHEW!). She told me if i didn't play in a punk band she'd send me to bed without any supper. So i've been playing bass/guitar for about six years now!" Ah, a mean feat no less... Harry, what about you, was it singing lessons? "The reason why i'm the vocalist is because Boggy and Phil (Bastards that they are!!) won't let me touch anything with strings on. (Not even a kite?) But seriously i started singing or rather, shouting, when i first said "Mama" ("We're all craze now?" a Slade fan?) I was born with my instrument (Were'nt we all?) which is more than you can say for the other two..." Dramatic tales indeed.... it's Phil's de-iced turn now. "I've been playing or attempting to play the drums for about four years or so. At the age of eight i was made not to play piano but.... AAARGH!! My dog's just stolen my roll you fuckin' cunt bastards Roy!!....Yes, ex, The



**DON'T do it,
Mother -
THE
ABUSE
FRI 26th MAY 84**

**LEAVE THE CHILDREN
WHERE THEY ARE**

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF REAULTS

Boggy's dog's great-great grandfather, sir Toby Le Flon.

ABUSE gig poster.

STARS OF THE '80S

triangle, which was pretty hard because it was a square, then i got beaten up for sticking my triangle up the teacher's bottom and beat her to death with a hammer. So i decided to play the drums." They're all pretty experienced at one thing or another at any rate, although after-gig activities are beyond my knowledge.

Well chepps, did you have a merry hogmanay season? was it wobbly and viewed thru glazed optics?

According to Phil the mad drummer, "I had a very good hogmanay, HEE HEE HEE, I got very pissed and stuck my middle finger up Boggy's bottom, Ha Ha."

"It's all lies!" pleads Boggy, impassively.

"Whilst masturbating vigorously with a pair of his mum's pants on my head. What did you do?"

nothing as severe as that i daresay! Thankfully, i was spared visual re-enactment of the procedure.

"Yes it was great!" States Harry, with a look of determination in his eye. "I was sick all over Derry, Boggy's dog (Not Londonderry, in ireland - thank god!)

I was the only one to laugh, i wonder why? It was a very wobbly hogmanay i'm pleased to say, and i always look through glazed optics you cheeky cunt!" WOOPS! i forgot he wears glasses.....Boggy takes his place in the queue. "I had a great new year. The only thing that spoilt it was that me and Phil had to carry home Harry after his 3rd lager shandy."

They argue incessantly for a while, the queensberry rules WERE observed though, and it turned out that the trousers needed dry-cleaning anyway. RIGHT.

Whilst in Edinburgh i didn't see as much punky types as well, one may have expected. Mind you, there was a fairly big crowd at the gig, but most of the Edinburgh crowd were the bands!?) perhaps it was the awful rain.

Are there all that many punks in Edinburgh nowadays? "Do'n care." (Harry) "You only usually see the spiky tops when there's one of those amazing abuse gigs on, but to answer it simply, NO! Not as many as there was 2-3 years ago." (Boggy) AAAAANNDD.. "Well i have'n't seen many. What about you Harry? Harry?where's Harry gone?" (Phil of course)



Boggy and Harry of The ABUSE with Boggy's dog. (Something wrong here, surely?)

Well, what of Edinburgh's other famous punk band that everyone knows of, Namely The EXPLOITED. Do you ever see/hear them nowadays? Does Wattie ever pop in for a cup of tea? (A little hint that the tea ought to have been put on ages ago y'see...)

Boggy puts on the kettle... i do'nt know what he put it on, but it's somewhere...."I do'nt see them about very often, they are playing here next month, for the first time in ages. I'll stay as far away from that as possible anyway. Wattie tried to jump on the Abuse bandwagon but we would'n't have anything to do with it, so he formed the Exploited instead!" Is this true? i ask myself, i have my doubts. Phil states his case.

"I never see them, i only hear them on vinyl, and no, he does'n't." Harry does'n't seem to be much interested either. "Who want's to hear them? Wattie's a shit bag anyway" he snarls from the mantlepiece.

Well, back to the band. Do they practice frequently and has there ever been any practices which resulted in upset neighbours, complaints etc?

"Ask Boggy." I'm advised. This i do.

"Once when we practiced in the living room, it was a really hot day (AAHH..such a thought on these frozen

Yet more ABUSE propaganda...

winter's nights.. roll on the summer of love, maan) and the whole street were out in their gardens lapping it up (Nitroglycerine? Milk? Drugs?) We started hammering out our rock & roll. When we stopped for a fag and a cuppa we went outside and everyone had liked us that much, they had all gone in to watch Grandstand' Phil speaks (Despite the muzzle) "We have'nt got anywhere to practice at the moment, and the last time we practiced at Boggy's house, no one complained cos we threatened them all with violence. Tee Hee!"

Ruggish chaps... NNYAARRIGHYTHRE... Read any good books lately? (browsing through "Womans realm" as i do so) Phil read a good one last week, or so he says.

"It was about this bloke that went home one night after a piss-up with the boys and beats the utter shit out of his four year old son. Then he gets bored and decides to play a trick on his wife by hanging her upside down from the roof and kicks her head in with a pair of steel toe cap boots, then he kills himself. All in all, a good read for the family." (I BET!) Harry only reads dirty ones, or so he says... not much wonder he needs glasses.... (EH?) "Phil's life story was great!" Announces a lager handed (OI phrases?) Boggy, "It's a pity it's only two pages long..."

The Abuse have in fact, released a demo tape. I know absolutely NOTHING about it, and come to that, i have not even heard it although judging by their live set, and the resulting cassette of the gig (Out soon on radioactive meringue records folks!) then it ought to be (Quote Paul Hogan - famed Australian fire eater) a "Ripper!" Which for the teetotal amongst thee, means jolly good. Any gen on how this particular piece of soothing vibrations has impacted, has it managed to shift before the sale-by date? Boggy tells all.....

"Well, we've sold around 60 copies so far, you can get it from us for a mere 80p and SAE (Which is very good value considering it took them £50,000 in the studios to do it...) from 618 Southhouse Square, Edinburgh, EH17 8DW." And that's all he's revealing. According to him, we'll have to wait 30 years before they consider any other Abuse secrets fit to release to the nation.

Christ sake, is that the time? Er, soon be time to round off now, umm... What do you recommend as good listening material so as all the avid Beal-ites will get some good tips.

Phillip the greek- "Wellllll there's a good tape out by a band called Abuse who are very good!! Chumbawamba have a new tape out now and there's a good tip for that - flush it down the bog, that's all i'm saying because i feel sick." He does look a rather green colour... Anyway, and now on with the show and over to Boggy for his views on this matter.

"Do'n listen to Phil, the Chumbawamba tape is amazing, So is the new Partisans L.P all Zounds stuff and definately all Bauhaus. You can't go wrong if you like them. I mean, look what's happened to phil!"

Yes indeed, a man barely alive and being kept on this earth only by crunched up biscuits, snorted up the nose and regular intravenous doses of Horlicks. (Looks ill) Harold, what about you, what is your tips for the top?

"Both WHAM! albums!" Oh come on now, you can not be serious here..."They're brilliant! Well worth the money. You get a free poster with one of them! Wheeee!!" Somehow i think it was taken as a joke. I hope so anyway!

RRRRRROOOIIIGHT. (Scouse tone) It's the famous last words time. Fire awayyy...

Phil. "I'm very bored, Boggy is the best thing since sliced bread, and i'm going to be violently ill in my fish tank. Take care and don't eat dog shit 'cos it's not very nice. Bye, bye, Cough, cough, Splutter, Splutter, Puke puke!" Integrity in words, there.

Big Har..."Buy our lovely demo, it's great stuff. Boggy and Phil smell and i'm beautiful!" Modesty! Sheer Modesty! And wjat about our old pal Boggers?"

"STRAWBERRIES!" Obviously a Damned fan.....

* Out right now *

* No ones property and bomb culture *

demo tape; One side each of studio quality stuff for either £1 + sae or a c-60 and sde

To happy smiling tapes
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Bromborough
Wirral
Merseyside

L62 6DY

Write soon ok!!

VOTE BEAL!
SCRATCHER
I couldnt give a damn

One of the greatest shows on earth

HOKAY, i received a rather crawly letter from a chap called Gavin, from er... tell you the truth, his writing was so bad, that despite taking six weeks to decipher his letter, i had to admit that his address MAY be somewhere called Lowfield or somewhere, anyway, he sent up a gig feview of some sort so here goes, for Gavin the wally hah hah hah.....

"Help, I'm stuck.", we got a lift off my old dear mother. On getting to Leigh Park, we walked around trying to find the bloody place and cries of "I'm fucking cold" ringed out across the night. Getting in was no problem, apart from the one pound which isn't too bad for three bands, which ended up as four. Confused?? There was the usual local followers who were mainly punk rockers, maaaan! They showed the usual "Oh, you're dressed normal, you must be a right bunch of wankers." attitude, but there was one nice one who was very keen.

First on were "Friends and enemies"

who although i didn't like them much, most people did and anyway at least they

had seen before and they weren't called the Sex Pistols (?) They were called "Silent troop" who, as i thought, were amazing and got about 20 of the 200 or so people dancing. The gig was for the miners and £80 was made which isn't a lot but, most nights they have discs and things which don't even break even (or so i'm told) the bar was a fucking rip off, £1.10 for a pint of cider (phew!).

but most people don't know much after three (must be pretty strong stuff!) so who cares? (I DO!) I didn't see any fanzine sellers there but there was hundreds of socialist and miners mags. The fourth band came on but i was talking to a friend outside, but they sounded okay. Me and me mates then jumped around this girl's house, had a coffee and then pissed off home, unlocked the door, and yes, Mutilee tripped me up and i got me head stuck in a milk bottle.

finis
Gavin from Waterlooville Q.

Distribution - fanzines, tapes, etc... STE, II Charrock, SKELMERSDALE, WNG GIZ England... SAE for 1st issue

TOILETS FOR DISABLED

The fate of disabled people's amenities in the London Borough of Hambstead was given a new turn in the tale yesterday, when Local councillor Dick Scratcher faced a barrage of questions put to him at the local parish bring and buy sale, by a crowd of crutch-wielding protesters.

Said Mr Scratcher, drinking a cup of tea, "I couldn't give a damn about the disabled. They can just piss themselves if it comes to it. If they think that Hampstead council are going to dish out thousands of used notes for lavatory facilities to be used by a bunch of disfigured wallys, then they can jolly well go and crap elsewhere!"

Mr Scratcher, who

celebrated his 30th birthday last month, has been notorious in

the past for his anti-disabled

campaigns and the petrol bombing of walking stick shops.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF

Thomas J. Schmuck



+ BORIS THE CAT!



6

The insistent knocking at the letterbox was just beginning to reach a hammering crescendo, when Thomas J. Schmuck, with the curious feeling of déjà-vu, decided to wrench his idle frame from his pit and stumble forth swathed in a multitude of bedclothes to jerk open the door. He glowered down at the scarlet scrunched-up features of his landlady. The insipid morning light somehow managed to cluster behind him, almost giving the impression of a halo, and with a week's growth of stubble combined with unusual attire plus bedraggled shoulder length hair, he could almost scrape a 'B' pass as Jesus of Nazareth. The landlady however was not a catholic.

"Rent" she demanded impassively, freckle-flecked bullworker arms crossed possessively over a non-existent bust. He studied her face for a short while; it was long and pink and reddened around the hairline where thin mousey hair was dragged back off her face into a severe bun at the nape of her neck. He would always briefly fantasise that one day her face would eventually tear under the chin and slide up into that reddened hair-line - gone forever. He reached up to scratch his head and she recoiled from the wafting stench of unwashed armpits.

"Mr. Schmuck" she bawled, now remembering he was deaf, "You have not paid your rent for five months, FIVE MONTHS Mr. Schmuck - now what do you have to say to that?" Then remembering he was also dumb, promptly slapped a large hand over her mouth - She had a remarkable talent for opening her mouth and inserting foot.

"Uh hu?" grunted Thomas uncomprehendingly, cocking his head to one side and regarding her with a glazed expression. Intensely embarrassed, she then proceeded to attempt a short mime act. "Rent, rent" she mouthed, pointing to her outstretched open palm. Thomas' face blended into a smile of recognition, and reaching out grasped her hand in a firm handshake, crushing it in the process. The landlady let out an agonized scream, and freeing her mangled hand, hopped from foot to foot disentangling her fingers one by one. Thomas appeared to be confused at such a peculiar show of gratitude, and therefore with a shrug, stepped back and quietly shut the door. The landlady stopped hopping, and made for the stairs, shaking her head in despair.

Inside, Thomas had his ear to the door, a malevolent smile oozing across his face. He waited until her footsteps were no more than a vague echo then switched on the radio.

"Stupid cow" he muttered, contemplating a cup of tea and congratulating himself on his tactics for avoiding numerous rent weeks.

After a breakfast of rubber egg and charcoal toast, Thomas decided to take a short walk into town. The streets were almost solid with January sale shoppers, and Thomas, who was not exactly reknowned for his intelligence, decided it would be a good idea to hold Christmas in January when everything was cheaper. He was still pondering over this possibility when a large orange and black neon sign caught his eye, (almost rendering him blind) The words seemed vaguely familiar, and it was a good few minutes before Thomas could fully comprehend their meaning - it read "Job Centre", and Thomas, intrigued by the mysteries it entailed, decided to enter and browse round for a bit. "I'd like a job please" he smiled brightly at the rather unenthusiastic gentleman situated behind an orange plastic-topped desk.

"Manual, office, overseas, nine-to-five, nights, part time or what?"

"Uh - you choose"

"Is this a McEwans lager advert?" asked the gentleman beginning to show evidence of interest.

"Eh?" Thomas often found it difficult to realise other people were not always aware that he was not

By The beal expert on steam-driven gerbils, DONNA KRACHAN



quite the full shilling, and that he was simply incapable of making his own decisions.

"C'mon, where's the hidden camera?" the gentleman made an obvious show of straightening his tie and glancing over Thomas' shoulder with a wide-toothed grin. Thomas squared his shoulders; "My name is Thomas.J.Schmuck, and i wish to obtain qualified assistance in my efforts to obtain suitable employment within the british region."

The gentleman collapsed in hysterics; "Thomas.A-WHAT?"

"Not A - J - Thomas.J.Schmuck."

"Schmuck? - SCHMUCK?? This is Candid Camera is'n't it? C'mon'

C'mon is'n't it?"

"No it's not." replied Thomas in a small voice, somewhat bemused by what the gentleman looked upon as a comical situation.

"It is'n't?" abruptly, the gentleman sobered.

"No - it is'n't, and i would be much obliged sir if you would kindly stop fucking around and get on with your bloody job."

"Ssssh - the T.V. censors you Schmuck." He gasped, then collapsing once more at his own 'witticism'. Thomas was not pleased. He paused for a fraction of a second to observe the mirth - filled scene before him, then reaching for a large, heavy encyclopaedia entitled "A large, heavy encyclopaedia." proceeded to club the gentleman's skull into an unrecognisable pulp.

"Take that you bastard!" he bawled uncharacteristically before bolting for the door and escaping into the crisp January afternoon.

Now a hardened criminal, Thomas.J.Schmuck pushed his way through the swarming mass of shoppers, sweating profusely and furtively glancing over his shoulder every five seconds to ensure he was not being pursued. So intent was he on escape, that he did not realise he was now running in the middle of the road - until SMACK! (merely a sound effect - nothing to do with heroin) he was mown down by a large double-decker bus.

It seemed many light years before Thomas finally opened his eyes, even then he was almost blinded by bright ultra-violet light, and almost deafened by loud electronic music.

"Where the hell am i?" he enquired, sitting up and scratching his head, a sizzling sound immediately followed and he withdrew his hand with a yelp of pain.

"Radiation." a voice boomed.

"Eh?"

"Your Damned halo Schmuck."

Thomas inspected his blackened hand with dismay.

"Where am i?" he repeated, feeling rather subdued.

"You're in heaven you snivelling little turd - your day of judgement hath come."

"OH NO!!!" Thomas let out a wail of despair, recalling immediately his last deed on earth.

"OH YES!!" the voice seemed to smirk as it bellowed around him, "And you're really in the shit now, are'n't you? okay Gabriel quit it with the harp will you - what d'you think this is - my birthday? And Mike, dim the lights so i can get rid of the 'Foster Grants'." Light died down and silence followed, Thomas blinked

CONTINUED →

far out!

TOGETHER APART - "Songs for Yoko Ono"
 cassette.

David BEALE sent me this tape. No, it WAS someone called Beal with an 'E'! I could'n't believe it either, reluctantly i prised open the manilla bound package, with the thoughts "Oh Nooooo, hate mail!" running through my foolish mind. I heaved a sigh of relief. No queries as to the meaning of BEAL (it was concocted before anyone knew it was an actual name) and like, it was cool. A cassette linger innerwards. Was it of gluebag punky material? Well the titles seemed quite in the norm, and as for the lyrics, well it came as no surprise that the tape contained mellow vibes as far reached from punk as Pink Floyd or even Jimmy the Hoover! (WHO?) Oi Dave, how did ya know i've got a weakness for this kinda stuff? a late 60's/early 70's type of muddle muse with a leaning towards near psychedelic proportions! (An envelope all title that, containing a wide spectrum of different styles and silly lyrics) From the opening classic "Just another story", a slow paced run through of first rate material, with some excellant chorus to it as well as a wonderfully wierd backing sound, right through "Boogie woo kabuki" lyrically meaningless of course! the tribalistic chants of "Nona", "Electric Madness" a slice of fuzzed guitar paranoia (Groovy eh?) "D.V.8", The gentle moving "Be who you are" "Lady midnight".. 12 tracks in all, a wonderfully jumbled up potion of various instruments, but curiously, no drums, barring the faint chugging of a

thomas j.
schmuck **continued.**

and looked around in dazed wonder, absorbing the peculiar scene before him. At either side of him were two men dressed in white leather with "Heav's angels" daubed on their jackets in snifter-green paint. one clutched a harp, the other an enormous sun-lamp which was pointed directly at Thomas.

Between the two was a bearded man smoking a 'John Player' filter tip, his forehead was criss-crossed with elastoplast as were the palms of his hands. His T-shirt read "THE BOSS" in large silver print, he sat at a large neon desk on which he placed his feet, an enormous red book and a large microphone.

"O.K. Shmuck" he began, opening the book and leafing idly through the pages. "Let's start at the beginning then, shall we? Good, now let's see, Thomas J. Shmuck - you were found abandoned in the early hours of a cold February morning in the doorway of 'Marks & Spencers', in the year nineteen fifty-one, you were discovered by a milkboy named Thomas - hence you required your present Christian name. However, also on this cold February morning, as you lay there, a helpless abandoned infant, wailing pitifully, a large dog came and crapped on you, and since Marks and Spencer is a Jewish firm, you acquired the surname Schmuck."

Saint Michael sniggered, and God shot him with a reprimanding glare. Gabriel smirked with glee.

"But what about the 'J'?" ventured Thomas.

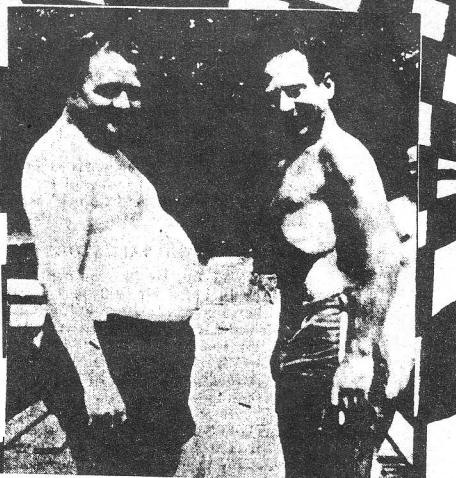
"Ah - the 'J': i thought you'd never ask - Well the 'J' has no significance attached after the initial - we just ASSUME it stands for Jerk."

"Oh." Said Thomas, feeling decidedly dejected. "I fell decidedly dejected."

"And you have good reason to feel so." replied God, reaching forward to switch on the microphone.
"However Thomas J. Schmuck." He boomed, "For the simple reason that you are nothing but a pathetic, mindless snotty little worm, and that your beginning was as worthless as the animal excretion you were found in, I am prepared to forget your end and give you one last chance."

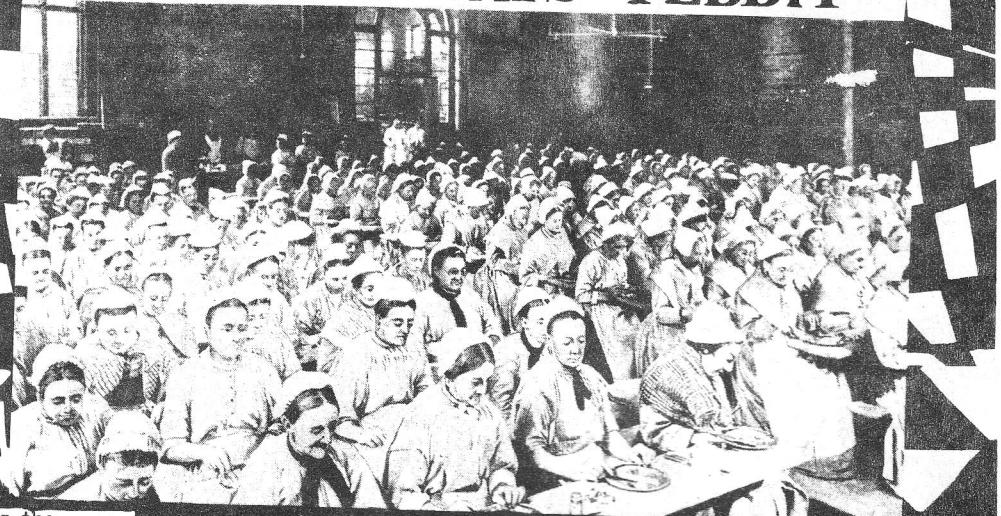
"Oh THANKYOU your most honourable majestic highness,

drum machine on a few tracks, perhaps drums would spoil the whole atmosphere of this wonderful selection from this apparently obscure Welsh outfit, one of whom goes under the title of Steve Jones. surely not a pistols connection? The connection between the apparently Lennon influenced title and the sound is quite interesting, it's original at any rate but definately for afficiendo's of 1970's early sounds. And me? Well i'll just be hoping that "Just another story" is taken into mind for vinyl release.... worth buying? unfortunately i was given no price, but write to DAVID BEALE, ONE SPRING GARDENS, TREFECHAN, ABERYSTHYWTH, DYFED, WALES, SY23 1BX and investigate at once! Well worth buying. In fact, a must



TOGETHER APART realising the risk involved sending tape to be reviewed in TOTAL BEAL.

NEW OPEN-PLAN TOILETS ‘A SUCCESS’ SAYS TEBBIT



"I'll do ANYTHING," grovelled Thomas. Once again he was blinded by light and deafened by tuneless noise from the electric harp, God's voice boomed all around him.

"Schmuck, I'll give you one last chance to relive today starting from this morning - and try and not cock it up again, eh?" - Oh, and by the way." Thomas was just in time to see the big red book come hurtling towards him, "Thomas J. Schmuck - THIS IS YOUR LIFE!!!" The book clobbered him on the head, rendering him unconscious, there was a sensation of spiralling into infinite darkness - then nothing.....

...The insistent knocking at the letterbox was just beginning to reach a hammering crescendo, when Thomas J Schmuck, with the curious feeling of *deja-vu* decided to wrench his idle frame from his pit and stumble forth swathed in a multitude of bedclothes.....

Especially designed for Pink Floyd freaks everywhere! This is a double package of A) A Pink Floyd fanzine with the main article being a very extensive review of a Roger Waters gig, with lots of gig photos, interviews, press cuttings zis is for anyone into the Floyd and a good read at the same time. Price is 30p I think.. B) OPEL, i have two of these issues in my grubby grasp, and what this is is a fanzine all about the Floyd founder, Syd Barrett, full of interviews, photos, cuttings, very interesting vinyl rarities reviews and lots of other things. Brilliant stuff, but then again, only good if you like Syd Barrett and Pink Floyd! (which i must say that i do... arrgh, happy head!) Judging by the numbers of these issues, 3 & 4, it's only the tip of the ice cube! I must read more.. Price of OPEL is 25p.. in all cases to IVER TRUMPER, 15 WINCHESTER ROAD, HARLINGTON, MIDDLESEX, UB3 59B A.P. is issue 4, & there's been a new issue since then....Have fun!!!

3rd Brigade

Yes Folks, Your faves and mine, the RED BRIGADE - proof that the world-wide theory of life after John Noakes really does measure up as 1984 becomes but a mere foggy memory in your LSD pickled brain. And there we have it, exclusive pix of the band no-one is talking about. Let it be told that they pay down and out milkmen huge amounts of money to cheer at their concerts, and that they are all avid collectors of Saudi-Arabian beermats. [REDACTED] these cats have

For some time now, these cats have strut their stuff on the pages of many a way-out publication, man. Not forgetting filling countless compilation tapes and vacant brain-cells with some cool notes, (having also managed, (with amazing surprise to Mrs Gertie Dunge, I4, the crescent, Penge) to get their acne'd beaks into the previous two Total Beals'), could this be due to the editor being in the band And coming off none the wiser as a result.

[redacted] indulging in a "Lie-low-and-hope-they-do-not-spbt-us," "Maaaaaaann," period at the moment and are contemplating Tax exile from heavy VAT on lager, pea shooters and grease-proof Y-fronts. Still, why shouldn't you write in anyway? (even if it is to [redacted] endure a torrent of abuse. HO HO!) We also play coffee mornings, open supermarkets, doctors & nurses [redacted] (females compulsory) and do a nice line in interior decor. We'd also look very appealing on T.V. Any offers. Channel 4 will work for the [redacted] S. on April [redacted] + TO MENTOR

sweet and sour

FOLLOWING BRUCE WATT'S EXCITING AND FOOLISH STORY OF A FARMHAND'S LIFE IN A CORNFLAKES BOX WITH A RAMPANT DALEK.

realitv

100

EVERYTHING had doubled in size since yesterday. No-one knew except me. I smiled at passers by. Occasionally exchanging head-butts, or karate chopping old women. A policeman followed me. I had a sensible job. I had been buying return tickets for one way journeys for years now, ripping off the state. They were onto me now. a police van was following me

I decided to tango with a lamp post. The lamp post thought otherwise, and stood harsh and cold, impassive to my demands. Several police vans were following me now.

Suddenly i was sane.
I watched the cars.
Tiny satellites of a greater
whole. The city was grey. I
could see my life unfold before
me. A long motorway, down which
i accelerated, staying on the
right side until the fuel ran
dry. Stop. Go. Wait a minute?
, are nad i gone wrong?

JAMESY
- SUPPOSED GUITAR

Surely you now have the message, the demo tape? the live tape? the video?? Woweeeeee brother, howsabouts laying your hands on some of them harmonials at no extra cost other than a stamp? (Soaped, natch.) IT'S EASY! When you know how. (And the organiser of this racket on 1st name terms) All you gotta do is take that herby cheroot outa your yellowing digits, grab a copy of "The Highway Code" and "Roget's Thesaurus" Then get your Karma working MAAAAAAAAN. Just answer these simple questions. It's a sinch!

- CHAP 11

 - I) Name the term given to the occurrence when all four members of the Red Brigade (false limbs included) get together and create a god awful din. (N.B. this is not to be confused with the sounds of Des O'Conner emanating from next door's Hi-fi.)
 - 2) Who once said "The world is like a biscuit - well not really, because it could be like a square shaped biscuit, and besides, it could be broken." Was it A) Francois Mitterrand B) Magnus Pyke. C) Neil of the Young Ones. or D) Confuscious
 - 3) Explain the presence of the microorganism Bc23 in the clone community referring to the state of X3.
 - 4) Complete this sentence.
"I Think the Red Brigade are the ugliest band ever, BECAUSE

WRITE TO
UNCLE JAMESY
FOR ALL
FURTHER
INFO! 

JOIN THE BEACH DISCIPLES
FAN CLUB OF BEACH
FREE OF CHARGE

note - this competition is open only to members of the Red Brigade, their bestest friends (what friends?) pets families and employees of the Alfred Boggs Pneumatic girdle company. Anyone saying otherwise is a cad and you deserve to boil to death in your own pus. HAH!

I waited at a bus stop. a business man was reading a newspaper. i decided to knee him in the genitals, to see what colour his vomit would be, Before i could move, as if sensing my thoughts, he lowered his newspaper. A giant cricket's head sat on his pin-striped shoulders. "I should'nt if i were you." He warned in a cultured voice.

"Because then you would fall victim to your own fantasy. Your subconscious, being predominant in your mind, and being self-destructive, would kill you. In other words, you would subconsciously, which now means consciously, will me to bite your head off."

Insane or not, I knew this pillock was giving me shit. "Eat fist, sucker!" I cried, ramming my fist into his face.

He did, And half my arm too. But I do nt have time to explain how i managed to get to work minus one

BOB BEAL'S POP YAP PAGE

CONFLICT, the South London bootboy 4-piece, are reported to be in the midst of recording an album with MARK THATCHER, the travelling salesman of Downing street. The album is supposedly all cover versions - including the Saints' "Lost and Found" "big F" Sinatra's "MY WAY" - which was a hit for ERIC VARLEY AND HIS STEAM-DRIVEN BINOCULAR BAND in the Venezuelan top 40, "Streets of london", "The laughing policeman" - a 1934 hit for Joseph Goebbels in the eurovision song contest, and a rapping version of the BUZZCOCK's "Breakdown" from their Spiral Scratch e.p. There is also a rumoured addition of "Jolly" Robert Smith & the CURE's "Killing an arab" although whether he can afford to give Robbie a backhander of used one-ers to gain permission from copyright is uncertain, although an offer of six camels was refused by THE SMITHS for Mr Thatcher to do a version of their SANDIE SHAW jamming cut, to be re-named "Hand in glove compartment"....whether he will be able to get the THREE DEGREES for backing vocals (in an attempt to get HRH Prince Charles to help fund the distribution deal) is another matter....another refusal to Mr Snatchers begging letters was by Eric Claptout to do some "shit-hot guitar licks" on the album, which is being released on the RIOT CITY label. Apparently Mr Claptout was offered £6·45p, several large lorry-loads of best Arabian sand and a trade-in deal on a ford Consul....added extras of a boxful of engine parts and a map of the African Deserts (un-used) failed to tempt hi. CONFLICT were unable to comment on this as they were reported to be gigging in the Algarve. Whether it is actually the anarcho-punkband CONFLICT of noisy fame or actually the Gateshead fitters & boiler-makers brass band of that name is uncertain.

According to an inebriate i met on King's Road, (prestige eh boys??) those luvvable hippy students CHAOTIC DISCHORD are currently recording a "REAL punk" single for release in a months time. Entitled "F*** EVERY S***TY B****RD WHO'SE GOT LONG HAIR AND DRINKS F***IN' HERBAL TEA!!!" it has already been banned by young popster and groupie, MARY WHITEHOUSE, who has been a fan of the Bristol Boogie men since their RIOTOUS ASSEMBLY track. Mrs Shitehouse, who has often been seen hanging around soho, has denied reports that she is trying to do a "PISTOLS AND FRANKIE" -type manoeuvre and get the record to sell heaps of copy's and gle, of which the title is the chorus, mainly because speculation that vocalist RANSID is in fact the STIX is Frank Ifield (he remembers yo-ooooouuu...) in fact the Kray twins. These allegations have been okesman ROGER WATERS of PINK FLOYD fame. CHAOTIC DISCHORD are the musical score for OLIVER REED's latest film "Bar ARTHUR SCARGILL as the barman, GINA DE LOLOBRIGUIGIUE) and JONNY CARSON as God. Stay tuned to the

Dennis the mad axe bearer and his performing hankie band have a new album entitled "BUNGLIE, ZIPPY, GEORGE AND GEOFFREY ARE A BUNCH OF WALLIES". . . been impounded after the members of the ITV's fizzy pop-shock-anarcho-druggie prog "RAINBOW" have decided to sue the band, owing to their claim that the album title refers to them. Speaking from his big house in Elstree, GEOFFREY did announce "Ex...yes, we think that we are being well & truly slagged off...and besides, we need the money" Rainbow is reported to be slumping in the ratings and even BUNGLIE's affair with zippy hasn't helped.....but their forthcoming double 1.p "WALLIES, FLOWERS AND LOTS OF FIZZY POP"

is reported to be "The stones meet JA-CKANORY" and has been tipped for the higher regions of the charts by no less a mortal than DAVID BOWIE!!! GEORGE, the pink baby hippo, was not available for comment as he was away to the dry-clean-ers, Back to the impounded Album, the band have said that they'll still be promoting it on their forty date "Paint the whole world with nitric acid" brit-ish tour....catch 'em live folks.....

The SMITHS forthcoming single "Actually, we like to think that we're being REALLY individual by releasing singles with excruciatingly L-O-N-G titles that everybody finds a bit uncool" has been put back 4 months due to the fact that Johnny Marr has decided that it's (quote) "A bit bloody ridiculous and they are currently looking through the Oxford English dictionary for a more suitable title.

Morrissey was away to Los Angeles to pretend to be a geranium and was not available to comment on this disgusting scandal. (reuters)

Spotted in Harrods buying some new Y-fronts was that old master of Captain Sinbad films ADAM ANT i told him that he could get featured on the Bob Beal Pop yap page but he merely laughed and called me "A nasty cad" he then left in a 1978 red and green spotted Bently. Where does he get all the cash???? after all he spent on Jolly rogers and silly clothes you'd think he'd be in the gutter by now. Whether Zambia has heard of the ant craze yet is unclear, but would'nt ya just love it if he high-tailed it off for a few years and studied primitive dance routines???? by the way, if he's trying to start a space-pop craze or wot-ever with his previous single "APOLLO ♦" or something, then i'd advise him to sod off up to a suitably distant planet.... the commercial potential is mind-blowing.

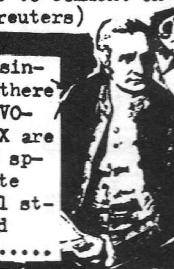


UPSTART IN NEUREYEV SHOCK

Whoever in Shields would have bet their cloth caps on it?? ANGLIC UP-START vocalist, police recruit and full-time prose spouter MENSI has, it is rumoured been offered £5,000 to take his place onstage alongside several prunes in tight trousers and frilly dresses for the London Philharmonic prance 'n' dance company's representation of "SWAN LAKE".

Mr Mensforth has been spotted with said tights on practicing various dance routines on top of police cars, and is rumoured to be jamming with the well known underground ruck 'n' roller Dame Margot Fonteyn in a pub cellar somewhere in Tyneside and word is that they are to cut an album with Monkee's producer John De Lorean.

Meanwhile, ex-Upstarts rythmn dude, DECCA WADE is reported to be suing the SUN for £6,000,000 after he allegedly appeared on page 3. Methinks devious deeds are afoot in the Upstarts den... remember where you heard it first man!



NEW ALBUMS this week include the new NOIRA ANDERSON elope, live from her east Russian tour, it's a 5-lp set & will retail at around £45... for the real Noira fans among you, it is a bit "pricey", but you also get a free (?) bit of lucky white heather and a booklet on how to sing properly. ROLAND RAT releases his long-overdue debut solo album "Rat poison". All the other "TOTAL RAT!" staff "w" I'm (not) pleased to see PAUL DANIEL! He paid me to say that I liked it but I stuck Paul!! (what fool would let a man like him near a microphone?) I'm sure they have better things to do for the fiver LIMHL, I still think you have to put out extremely boring stuff to have a family of colgate-promoting JAH RICHARD/QSWODS cross-over here... what a fan of Kajagoogooeggoogoogoo, the

YES, it's the TOTAL BEAL!

radical gooseberry CHARTS

Hyped beyond belief with

pam o'mahand

MOTORHEAD with NEIL KINNOCK going for it babe, at number 7.

TOP THIRTY SINGLES... as compiled by the Carbuncle/ Beal agency for the unscrupulous.

- I - There's a REALLYnaughty video for this record. David Bowie
- 2 - Scarecrow rapping hood. The Michael Foot band
- 3 - Hole in my esophagus. A long haired chappie
- 4 - Nick Beggs is a poofster. Limahl
- 5 - Coronation street (dub version). Psychic radiogram
- 6 - The drinks are on me! Michael Jackson
- 7 - Go for it baby! Motorhead with "nauseating" Neil Kinnock
- 8 - Andy Fandy is hooked on shandy. Felicity Kendal's bum
- 9 - Village grampa attacked by whales. BBC sound effects dept.
- 10 - Lowlife. Nik Kershaw
- II - Once we were famous, now we're even MORE famous. Spandau Ballet
- 12 - Nonentitys on 45. another bunch of rip-off "kick-ass mothers".
- 13 - Wow man, is this an acid trip or astrological fallout? Redundant combs.
- 14 - The walk. John Cleese
- 15 - I remember you (you bastard) "vicious" Frank Ifield
- 16 - Cowhorn hernia e.p. John De Lorbreaux with the white dust band.
- 17 - Gillette is for wets. ZZ Top
- 18 - Hey mon, just get wired into de groovy rivvum. Sugar Ray Solzhenitzen
- 19 - Honestly, i love you ethnic chappies (club mix) P.W. Botha & U.B.40
- 20 - Yeah baby i love you, honey babe & more cliche s. Frank Sinatra
- 21 - If I DIDN'T rule the world. Bruce Forsyth
- 22 - I was born under a 1962 Anglia. Freddy kipperface
- 23 - gotta'cut the grass'. Mick "the trousers" Finnigan
- 24 - Jack in the E.E.C. Crosby stills and Grimshaw
- 25 - Righto, let's see if we can con everyone into making this single a huge success,,, those gullible morons will buy anything with our name written on the label. Duran Duran
- 26 - P.C. Ploc's knee in my groin (remix) Noddy Belafonte
- 27 - Kick the C***s head in!!! Howard Jones
- 28 - The Hokey-Cockey. Edward Heath
- 29 - Green christmas. Bing "mucus" Crosby with David Bowie's home help
- 30 - State violence state control. Moira Anderson

RECORD CHARTS

DAVID BOWIE

LESTER'S

ILS

DAVID BOWIE

Hi kids, are you one who has ever sifted through the inky columns of the record charts and thought to yourself " AHHHH IS'NT THIS GOOD?" Y'know, the charts that appear in SOUNDS, NME, BEANO, COSMOPOLITAN, SMASH HITS and THE NEW DELHI TIMES to name but a few..... Well, with the aid of our intrepid Swiss contact, Doctor Heinrich Carbuncle, we have compiled, after several weeks touring seedy record shops and many hours hanging around supermarkets waving clenched fists and grimacing at unsavoury shoppers, we have brought for your due pleasure, the REAL record charts..... the indie face of britain.....including several 'bootleg' singles by famous artistes.... ENI's nightmare! so in the words of Dr Carbuncle the mad swiss cheese philosopher " Zeze charts vill change ze face ov polynesian pheasant plucking for many generations to come....dig?" we leave you to decompose in all earnest.

Rhubarb crumble
rubber banana
Karma records
F**k off
plop
KKK
woodnose
goodlife
BBC 3
shortarse
Skreeech
Persil
Greasy egg
ronco
Wang
coca-cola
No Future
frostbitten face
plop
subvert carrot
Big Beat
Haggis
Old Bailey
faggot

Bootleg
Pile records
parrot
flatulate
Leper's legs
Hoochter

SIMON LE BON - a con man in his own right, ripping off at no. 25.

record company
Lightbulb
His master's liberty-bodice
crumpet
wheatgerm
truss
commie bastard
steam telly
cabbage

Alternative piles

TWO YEARS AGO.

- I - Illiterate little B****ard. ABC
- 2 - We are family. Brother Toboggan
- 3 - Burning my bra. Hawitori Hewatottoto & David Sylvian
- 4 - Ace of hearts. Magdir yacoub with XTC
- 5 - passion stimulator E.P. Zsa Zsa Gabor band
- 6 - Hey- this is 2 years ago!!! Russel Grant
- 7 - Teenage Dream. some overweight burnt out baldy old rocker
- 8 - Hi! Big boy. Ed "fruity drawers" Honker
- 9 - Hot dog jive. Greasy Al Horrendous
- 10 - How does it feel (not to be laughed at in the streets) Des O' Connor

record company

Fireplace
Numbum
Sweet & sour chicken
morbid cactus
facelift records
suspect
elvis' armpit records
oddball
Stiff
plop

record company

rip-off
stash
breezy kilt
fresh heir
dopey
rip-off

big momma
rosary beat
day-trip
blue toadstool

record company

Rolling stones
Tom Alva-large-one Edison
The original olde ovaltinees
Gracie Fields
losses on Wall

The Scargill sisters
I was brought up on Howts and whippet dirt.
Johnny wants to do a wee-wee mummy.
The goosestep rap.
Joseph Stalin and the red undergrounders.
You can't say "oh fiddlesticks" on the wireless.
YES, WE HAVE BOXES OF THOSE BLOODY JAHMAS!!!! angry Joe smith(grocer)
The Charleston (remix 12")
I think i'll stay in Germany forever.

FIVE YEARS AGO

- I - YIPPEEE!!!! number one again! ABBA
- 2 - Terrorists in tescos. The Shadows with Orson Welles
- 3 - Five mile posterior. Rod Stewart
- 4 - PIP! PIP! Montague hughes-beaumont
- 5 - Hey hey do you have any skins man? rampant vacuums
- 6 - didn't make number one, still it's not so bad. ABBA
- 7 - Wow guys, this is a DISCO record, so get on down and strut your stuff man! Four cool dudes with cool shades and cool threads.
- 8 - Five years from now i bet that everyone will be wonuering what happened to me. Ignatius O' Flaffery
- 9 - Strawberry flavoured flagpole. an early acid casualty
- 10 - I'm going to kill myself!!!!!!er, i mean it...really.. no jokes...ah, f**k it. The Cleethorpe wonder

record company

rip-off
stash
breezy kilt
fresh heir
dopey
rip-off

big momma
rosary beat
day-trip
blue toadstool

Wooaaaaahhh!! here it is! the Riot city Dischord biteth back. "9 out of 10 glue heads who expressed a preference, said they preffered Riot city dischord" the cover sez (or something like that) after the fracas in Sounds and all that, the very thought of a live l.p. of the Chaos brotherhood still seemed too much to be humanely possible to bear, even though they have been exposed as Vice squad and co. And this is it! the real McCoy, or is it? After all, this is'nt even a live album, nor is it in New York... the false applause is culled from a WHO live album.... There's no holding these boys back when they've had a few in them!

If you're a fan of the Dischord, which i must say that i am, then this glossily covered l.p. is a treat, even if it is to count out how many times the word FUCK is pronounced. Loads of new material, and a fair share of old. "Fuck Religion" and "Fuck the world" are here, as well as the "Do'nt throw it all away" I2" Gem, "ANARCHY in woolworths" although MACY's is in the place of Woolworths. Just for the Americans, and just look at the titles - "Revolting things make me happy", "We're so fucking deep and meaningful", "Get off My fucking allotment" (a dig at crass?)

"Me and my girl"(seal clubbing) David Essex hang you head in shame... Bad taste and the obscene comments a lot of the essence and they do'nt believe in rationing them out either. We hear a mysterious Dischord'er doleing out ample jokes aimed at taking the piss out of the americans, and the audience love it; "Refugee" and "Family man" seem fairly normal titles, but they're still pure dischord! ACE, altho the lyrics are often near discernable, the Fuck's are in sure stead, and they carry the "Fuck religion" banner with "He tried to hammer home religion"(so they nailed him to a cross) "What the fuck's going on?" is merely a ridiculous guitar tune-up! Hmmm, "I've got a headache" The lyrics are just Pure LENNON! "Someone's nicked my giro" and the sequel, "Giro rides again"...at YOUR local cinema NOW. AAAARRGGHHH!!!! the titles roll on.. "You're the ugliest thing i've ever seen" and "Who the fuck are you?" display a hidden subtlety, an innermost talent for charm and romanticism "Fuck new york" a fitting tribute, and the olde "Fuck the world" their philosophy to global life. In the flood of serious, anarchy motivated political bands these days, Chaotic Dischord bring a welcome relief. Of course, the Cynics will say it's rubbish, but as Ransid would say it, Who gives a Fuck?



I was talking to DENNIS THATCHER over a quiet G & T the other day, in the snug of the White cat bar in the olde west end. "I'm thinking of investing shares in Timex hemmroid ointment" retorted the isle's best known inebriate... Funny is it not that Dennis always liked to start from the bottom. Still, not that it's got him any further than the Goose & musket arms in Kensington.

When asked why i didn't fix it so he could appear on "OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS" in '74, i merely replied that a one man claret drinking act would not stand much chance, and also due to the fact that old Dennis was far too under the affluence of incoholt to

CHAOS U.K "Short sharp shock"

The thrash thrashes back - here I am landed with the short,sharp shock of another helping of Chaos U.K vinyl, the band you always knew were going to be here in '84, creating as much noise as ever. The personnel has changed though, the bassist being the only one left from the 'Burning Britain' period, still standing-or not, as the cider consumption may prove. After a considerable lack of knowledge of their activities or even if they still were together, here I am with their second LP The long awaited follow-up of fuzzed fury - hardcore heroics from new guitarist Gabba, ex of those Nottingham boppers, The Seats Of Piss, the new mouth of Mower on vocals (is he on grass?) and a new drum-basher, and this is their out look on life for to take us through 1985.

C. Dischord. The men who turn sound checks into songs...

stage any sort of self-affrontage.

Not satisfied with this, he thrust a copy of his debut musical enema under my acne'd beak. "If i ruled the world" is his boast...his first (and hopefully last) single.....can we expect to see our Dennis up there a-swaying and a-singing with those sultry young maidens on Top of the pops? if PHIL COLLINS can do it then anyone can.....

How many of you actually remember ME? - most people i have met have criticised me for not showing my ace face in public since the demise of the world's greatest ever entertainment show, which shall remain nameless. Truth is, i've written 2 new books, both of which were refused by the publisher and siezed, under the health and safety act 1972. Subsequently, i got involved in a film score with no less a mortal of this earth than BILL WMAN! you know, the chap who plays in that dreadfully nasty band of teenagers, the ROLLING STONES. Well, the music score, let it be known that it was for a Chilean Snuff movie, was left overnight in Bill's breadbin, and was mistaken for his steamy diaries by a group known as the Bolivian Vegetable Rehabilitation Murder Squad. They offered us \$150,000 and a plane to Morocco to take BACK the papers. In the meantime, i'm considering a star slot in CORONATION STREET, i am led to believe that they want me to play the part of Emily Bishop's roll-on-deodorant....what do you folks think? do you still love me?????????

The titles seem fairly predictable, and what you always expected them to churn out, 'Lawless Britain', 'Control' and 'Global Domination' being the better bashes from these havoc packed grooves. 'Living In Fear' satisfies the punky palate, with the Moomins theme tune taped off the telly being a good ol' Chaos U.K intro- is it the best tune on the LP? I fear so. The foolish post-"Screen test" activities of the Chaos U.K'ers still exists, displayed here in a poor version of the classic "Farmyard Boogie" from their 1st LP... sorry boys!! It went on for a bit too long and hadn't the same 'Hit' as the original-some amusing Bumbkin philosophy though!

On the whole, "S.S.S." is a reasonable comeback to the vinyl scene, but not quite classic material. Perfect for the migraine suffering neighbour- Watch 'em suffer more!! BEN D. MANN

CHAOS U.K. receive flak on review of latest album.



Are'nt you just sick of that old fogey BRUCE FORSYTH? despite stealing my hairstyle and then plopping a disgustingly unrealistic squirrel's posterior, masquerading as a toupee of all things, on top of his rapidly balding pate, he STILL continues to live..... Has britain not yet had enough of "The Chin"? and those craggy features.....? C'mon Bruce, we all love a good t.v. quiz show, but why can't it be given to a more youthful, handsome stallion?..... such as ME may i suggest?.....

The other sunday ROBERT CARRIER, the poof of the pudding, came round to my 'pad' (as all you young 'cats' would have it) with a crate of a rather tasty white wine and a "Carrier bag" (oh dear, how can i be so funny?) full of the latest ace releases by CONFLICT, BILLY BRAGG, THE CULT, and a rather interesting DAMNED live bootleg. After several bottles of Fruity plonk (in Robert's case DEFINATELY fruity) he announced that he was thinking of being a roadie for 999. Some 'dudes' have all the luck-eh? When asked if he really got his meat from Tesco's, Bob replied "I grow my own cows and i just cut off bits whenever i need them" Is "big Bob" really such a nice boy that we alknow of?

Toodle pip for the time being, and i mean that most sincerely folks.....!!!

luv Hughie XXX

POLITICAL HOGWASH?

12

Intrepid foolish person AL AVAPINT
braves monsoon conditions, horse
dung & ufo's to yap to

Political Asylum



POLITICAL ASYLUM are a five piece band from Stirling (Moss?) in the heart of Scotland. For the uneducated amongst you who are wondering about the exact position of this, it is next to the lunges and lies in the upper torso. Emmm, They've Done two demo's (Both good). Appeared in innumerable Fanzines, compilation tapes and if you think that i'm going to blabber on about the past 3 years of their existence then you're bloody far mistaken. ON WITH THE SHOW!



Exclusive, never-seen-before, just back from the chemist's etc shot of PETE and TAM whiling away the hours on the ferry to ireland

It was only after a long day spent at the mercy of "ALEXANDER'S" public transport and a bumpy journey longer than last month's marzipan bill, that i met up with Ramsey of the famous(?) POLITICAL ASYLUM in chilly Edinburgh. Hiking past passing hordes of long-haired chappies (as if i could be excused!) en route to the Motorhead concert, we met up with P.A.'s guitarist Stephen, who was obviously going with intent to nick some of Lemmy's tactics. This Political Asylum lot you would not recognise as being the perpetrators of rowdy vibes at ten paces. Visions of 8-inch green mohawks, tartan strides and peroxided bits immediately fell down the drain. A few minutes and a service double decker later, and we were at our destination. AAARRGGHHH!! BUSES! Still, on the way down, i'd stopped in by Dundee and grabbed some hot second hand vinyl, so if the band were kidnapped that night and the gig next day was a no-go, i'd be able at least to drown the sorrows in some mellow grooves, Maan.

But they were NOT kidnapped, and the proposed musical clash of the distortion boxes in Kircaldy was definately ON. Or so it seemed anyway. After a night of punky vibes, toast and slumber (Thanks for putting up with us, Boggy) we were all set to hike off to our destined venue for the day. Did it rain or did it rain? Okay, it poured with rather damp rain at an extreme amount of imperial gallons and to top it all, i'd left my Surrealist Noddy Brolly in the house!

Meeting up with the two other Edinburgh groups who were wetting themselves at the prospect of gigging (Or perhaps it could have been the rain) The Abuse and Martial Law, who are exclusified elsewhere, The Train Chug-chug-chugged it's way over the creaky and in dire need of draught excluder Forth Rail Bridge (the other 3 were closed for repapering...grooaaann!) To Kircaldy. On Arrival at the big 'K', alas, the rain was no drier so we trekked, in single file clasping onto each other's coats for fear of being swept away in a tumultuous.... (Continued "Scott of the Antarctic goes to see Political Asylum")

ANYWAY, 3 o' clock was the destined start to the gig, and was it not? No, The ALTERNATIVE, who were to play, were assigned the important duty of getting the P.A. (& i don't mean Ramsey & co either...) BUT they did not. Could it have all been down to the fact that they threatened to pull out if Political Asylum played? Or did Rodney Relax in front of the telly? who knows... After hours of drip-drying and reading/purchasing fanzines as well as

holding "I'm-a-lof-drier-than-you" contests, the bands DID play and the gig DID go more or less as planned, even if the Blood Robots and the Alternative didn't play. I don't think one person paid to get in either! i certainly didn't! And AAAARRFCGHHH!!! i didn't take my camera either! Black & white film too, i could've took some ace live snaps to drape in the interior of this inferior mag. SIGH! Oh well, as Confuscious say, "All that glitters is not a Political Asylum demo tape." and i bought one too - the second demo, and it's jolly good! Their live performance was "Wipeout!" (as some BEAL concerns would have it) The thing that i was impressed with most, i think, was the ace fretwork by Stephen, who is a really good guitarist, bordering into a rock/ punky pastiche of solos and rythmn, with some good effects on a few of the songs. And Ramsey's distinctive vocal style, SUNG rather than SHOUTED... take a lesson, budding punk stars? And also everyone else's paisley effect 27-inch flares (EH?) Surley not, ANYWAY This obviously had some sort of effect on the knee caps as you can see, as i've turned a blind eye to common sense and given them a much sought after (and much dumped once they realise what it's all about) Total beal interview!!! What more can i say? i am without words..... Run interview.....!

THE CAT SIT ON THE MAT.
FAT PA TSET ON THE CAT ON
THE MAT. NOW THE CAT ON
THE CAT AND THAT'S THAT.

SHORT STORY



The Full Political Asylum line up + some eager would-be members, taken at the Swiss roll club, Rutland.

A new experience!

PETE; "I thought we played okay, although the sound was a bit dodgy as usual. I thought the crowd were great, a lot less apathetic than at a lot of gigs these days." OH.....
TAM; "I thought we played quite well that night, but we can play a lot better usually."
RAMSEY; "We played okay, though we are capable of a lot better. The trouble is that due to having no equipment (pete doesn't even own his own guitar and Tam has no drums) We never practice, well we practiced 3 times in 1984, so, if we could practice regularly, we'd be shit hot! The main thing about the gig though was at least folk seemed to be paying attention to us, which was gratifying, and maybe means we're getting somewhere."

QUESTION ONE... HOW DID YOU RATE YOUR PERFORMANCE AT THE ANIMAL AID GIG IN KIRCALDY?

PETE; "I heard the Damned were after me to replace Captain Sensible, but i said no because they couldn't offer me enough money. Seriously though, definately not, i'm happy doing what i'm doing at the moment. I could never piss off to another band just because they're 'bigger' than Political Asylum although if Duran Duran ask me i'll consider it!"
TAM; "I'm in a name band. Ha Ha."

Character and quality at no extra cost

even (Such as on benefits for the striking miners etc) or lost money, as in most of the gigs. We've never played a gig (Except Belfast where it was £2.50 for an all dayer with 15 bands) where the admission was over £1.50, and gigs we've organised ourselves, we've never charged more than £1."

QuEsTiOn TeN - DO YOU LIKE STUDIO WORK MORE THAN LIVE WORK, OR WHATEVER.....DO YOU THINK YOU GET A BETTER SOUND LIVE OR ON DEMOS (silly question!)

PETE; "You get a better sound in studios because you can take your time over songs to get them right, but i prefer playing live, especially if we get a good crowd reaction."

TAM; "I prefer playing live, because i usually enjoy myself at gigs, but we get a better sound in the studio."

RAMESY; "The reason we, and any band, sounds better in the studio is because you're listening to hours of work on each song, recorded on excellant quality equipment. The stuff we use live is usually not that brilliant, so it will sound fuzzy or distorted, or not too clear live. I enjoy doing both, they are both different. We probably sound a bit more powerful and punky live."

QuEsTiOn ElEvEn - WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL BE THE NEXT PHASE OF PUNK, IN DIFFERENT STYLE, APPROACH AND THE LIKE. DO YOU THINK THAT THERE IS/A LACK OF ORIGINALITY WITH MOST BANDS?

PETE; "Who knows, hopefully it will take a more positive approach and try to reach out to a wider audience. Musically i think a lot of bands do lack originality. They seem more interested in churning out 3 chord thrash as opposed to trying something new."

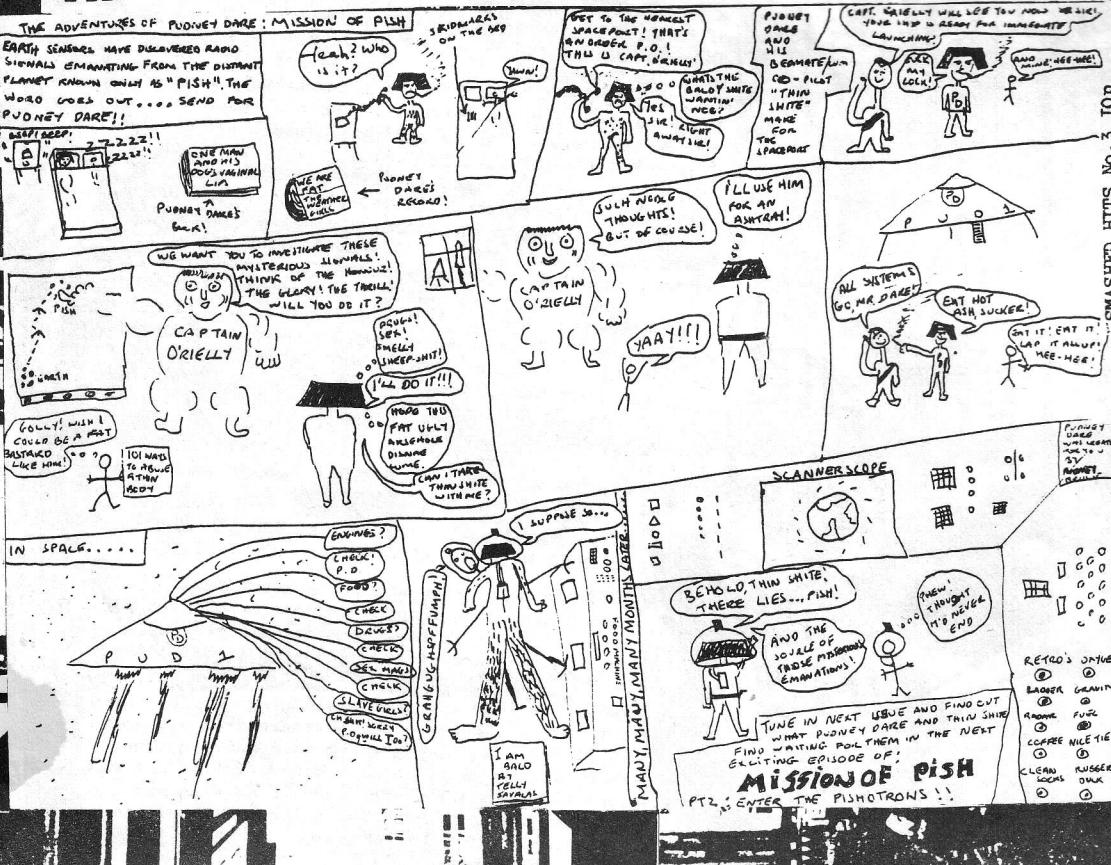
RAMESY; "I can't really tell, as i've mislaid my crystal ball. Perhaps it will start to get bigger again. Now the Toy Dolls have been in the charts (with

their worst song). There are a lot of really original bands at the moment and there is a lot of dross. But it's probably the same in all musical fields, but apart from the sales of punk records, punk is doing okay at the moment, it seems more sincere now, and also more political - a good thing-(Is it?) than ever before, which can only be a step in the right direction."

QuEsTiOn TwElVe - DO YOU DO ANY COVER VERSIONS AT THE MOMENT, OR ARE YOU INTENDING TO INTRODUCE ANY INTO YOUR SET?

THE ADVENTURES OF pudney_dare

MISSION OF PISH - part1



SMASHED HITS No. 3 10P

I love this one! A mixture of foolishness, heart and messy felt pen with lots of pictures, cuttings and jape make this one of the best i've seen, after sifting past countless Debbie Harry and Ramones Minor Threat, Circle Jerks, Annihilated, Manson Youth, Guns.

The Scream and more. UNFORTUNATELY Try as hard as i could, i could not find the address, but if you try Shane of Feedback, he ought to have it for sale.

SIXTEEN AGAIN No. 2 FREE!

A freebie for the geeksies, if you like fanzines with the emphasis on words instead of funny pictures of punky chappies with cans of lager & bits on local bands. Be a kind being and send a bouquet of gladiolas, some badges to make up for the fact that TOPPER of 20 Newhampton road west, Whitmore Reans, Wolverhampton, West midlands, WV6 0RW had to heist the local cheese shop to finance it.

PETE; "No, not at the moment. I would'nt mind doing a version of "The green fields of France" by the Fureys and Davey Arthur. it's an excellant Anti-war song."

TAM; "I'd like to do a cover version, but with five different musical tastes in the band it'd be impossible to agree on anything."

RAMESY; "We tried to do a cover of Black Sabbath's 'Paranoid' once, (we had different lyrics, making the 'Paranoid' bit about a conscientious objector) but me, Tam and Pete wanted to play it fast, and Stephen and Norman wanted to play it the normal slow 'heavy' way. So we gave up on that idea. We already do a cover of Six pack by Black Flag! Buy Fresh hate and you'll understand what i'm talking about!"

QuEsTiOn ThIrTeEn - ANY AMBITIONS THAT YOU HAVE? (Conquering the world aside)

PETE; "I want to release a single with me playing all the instruments etc. I'll do that when P.A. are famous so i'll be sure it'll sell!"

TAM; "I've only ever had one ambition, and that was to appear in Total Beal!! (Sir, i am overcome....HAH!)

RAMESY; "Well, my ambition was to conquer the world, but i'm not allowed to say that, so i'm not saying anything!"

QuEsTiOn FoUrTeEn - AND FINALLY, ARE YOU PLEASED WITH THE AMOUNT OF PEOPLE FROM THE WARSAW FACT-LUNCH COUNTRIES WHO CONTINUE TO FLOCK TO THIS COUNTRY AND DEMAND FOR POLITICAL ASYLUM ???

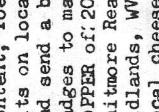
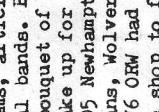
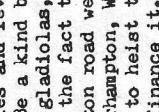
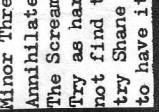
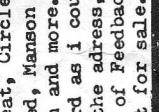
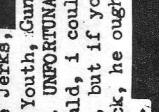
PETE; "Yes, quite pleased, though i wish they'd advertise the demos we've got for sale at the same time."

TAM; "No, we need more Russian Nymphomaniacs." Female if possible i'd reckon....(Har Har, Are'nt i a sexist bastard? - TAM)

RAMESY; "Nah, we'll never achieve world domination at this rate. Frankly i'm appalled, 'Tis bloody pathetic!"

IT GIVES KIDS VITAL BOOST

THEW! thought i'd never see the end of typing that lot out. SO, there you have it - another notch on the mikestand for Political Asylum, will they achieve world domination? or will they ever decide on a cover version to do? stay tuned folks.



PREMATURE BURIAL IN SPLIT SHOCK, PROBE....

PREMATURE BURIAL, the Aberdeen electro/gothic punk duo have broken up, it was claimed by Premature Burial's spiky headed (Well, hair to be more precise) Keyboard jingler, K.Y. Jelly. Already shock waves have been sent all throughout the known world, and messages from leaders of major countrys have.... Okay-so maybe it's not been so widely publicised, but those who have came across this gruesome two-some will be quite surprised at the demise of what seemed a perfect

punk practice. Big K.Y., speaking from his darkly painted bedroom (Well actually he wrote me a letter) sez "I thought, 'stuff it, i'm bored with it' and told Psycho it was a one man band. I.E. him." so, in his own words (blue biro) he went on, "Do'nt know what came over me, but after escaping the

glitter and razamattaz of the music industry, i've went and formed a new band, called GENETIC THROWBAX." Hmmmm, so do'nt despair O' Premature Burial fans, they wo'nt be held back for very long in their quest for possible chart success. By the sounds of it, they seem keen, with planned covers of "Ballroom Blitz", "You're the one that i want" and "Summer nights." which should please Travolta fans all over the globe. Partners in this slightly more conventional set up will be some ruggish chaps previously known to be cider sippers of the Chaos brothers, Toxik Ephex crew. Namely Cyril on guitar (Although, as i was later instructed in a later press release /threatening letter) he has never tried guitar before, (OH NOOOOO!) Geoff on vocals (See above piccy) and Phil on bass, although Psycho may also be playing bass as well (Let's hope not the same guitar at the same time) For those who have got either or both of Premature Burials cassettes, "The night closed in" and "In the arms of Morpheus" and have been awaiting with twiddled thumbs for the 3rd tape, news is that it will not be released, not yet anyway, but there are some recordings as yet unheard by ears other than a select few. BUT the tapes are still available, "Night" for £1.10 and "Morpheus" for £1.50. Premature Burial were on of the most original punk bands of late, but not that it is a guarantee that many will find their music to their tastes! They only played one gig, one that they themselves admitted would rather forget! At the "This is not an o.a.p pandrop & bothy ballad knees up" gig in Fraserburgh on 1st June 1984, they played a set that was full of gremlins in the gear (Gear here being taken into refering to equipment, not very hard drugs...) with the synth mysteriously cutting out whenever it felt the urge to. This Suspicious and memorable event was captured both on audio and video! although i'm told that they have recorded over the C60 version AGES ago..... Surely it can't be THAT bad????

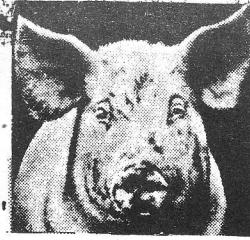
Their own attempts to make a video turned bad after an unexpectedly expensive hire charge on the video camera. This was to have been for the 3rd tape, which i believe to be all ready to be heard by hundreds of mourning Premature Burial fans globally..... Hmmm? Surely they have learned by now? Oh, NEWSFLASH, in a press report (I.E another letter) they have stressed that they begin touring with the new band straight after dinner tomorrow and a double album, 12" single and video ought to be out before ye know it.... surely not?

KING KONG IV.

Forman - the Pete Shelley of Fraserburgh (Well, it's one way of getting him to buy Total Beal, innit?)

15

Internal
Injurys
Unit ;
"Unsavoury"



Police seek mystery asian · Public asked

Police have asked the public for their assistance in the search for an unidentified asian youth, seen walking down Balham high street not committing any suspicious acts at all.

Police superintendent Harry internal injury unit, in charge of the special ethnic crime unit, said in a police voice "As yet we've not got 'im, but reports have come in that he has been spotted outside Sam Spud's chippie, minding his own business. These people are too unsavoury for my liking, first you give 'em supplementary benefit, the next thing you know they're holding a sweet old lady and her pekinese dog for £58,000 ransom and a helicopter to the Brazilian rain forest. They are the type who give our nice police force a bad name. The number of policeman's knuckles bruised by these people EACH YEAR is unbelievable."

Mr Internal Injury Unit was at the centre of a major storm last July after he charged 2 Sikhs for not using the green cross code and insulting the queen in an obscure 14th century Punjab dialect. "That's a fib, they were in possession of a stone of raw heroin apiece, unfortunately we had to let the thugs loose after none was found on them. they must have thrown it away when i wasn't looking"

The wanted youth is understood to have black hair and is Asian in appearance. anyone knowing anybody answering to this description is asked to contact Balham police on 999 and they shall be ready to pounce. Could this be the new Brixton???? read "TOTAL BEAL" for more up to date news on this matter.

For a wide selection of Fanzines, try Shane, who also does FEEDBACK & INSANITY zines, address, 2 Montrose Close North Hykeham Lincoln LN6 8NW England.

INCONTINENT



beat thcse bed-wet blues
less of the piss! with

BURPO!

- holds back the flow -



90p a
bottle

ELASTIC BANDS OK!

THE HONEST TRUTH

By Our ROYAL
CORRESPONDENT

16

ROYAL RAVE-UP

YET ANOTHER BEAL GLOBE-SHATTERING EXCLUSIVE
BY OUR ROYAL CORRESPONDANT,

hubert
f. dole

Who, aided only by a jar of Ovaltine and the kind permission of Pickfords, has managed to compile, after locking himself in a state of isolation and enforced celibacy, to bring you this AMAZING Expose - Remember where you heard it first, folks!

The word got around like wildfire. Hushily it was mouthed around the rapidly decaying TOTAL BEAL offices, in the basement of a gents outfitters somewhere in the wilds of Caledonia. Immediately i took interest in the "Article scoop of the 80's" as i was later to be told. A shady character in a full-length sou' wester which almost totally obscured his fetching orange luminescent leaf effect trousers, was the focal point of attention in the litter strewn cavern. I strode over to examine this odd man. Was it his manner of dress? was it the replica Fu Manchu moustache, or the sombrero complete with curtains and weather vane that perched precariously on his mane of matted hair? (Mauve) I did not know. What i DID know was that was definately out of the ordinary, was the bearer of some rabidly wild info and had been eating fish paste sandwiches and pineapple chunks for his lunch. (an old method i learnt whilst in the hussars) one look at his emaciated features when he removed his wraparound laser shades was convincing proof enough as to his identity.

Mr Eugene Crashe-Barrier, educated in Harrow, father an "Antique dealer" (rag and bone man) mother unknown. An unsavoury man, he was often taken to searching amongst people's underwear during washday showdowns at launderettes. He left school and led a life of crime, blackmail, out-spoken opposition of crop rotation, bottle washing and babysitting. THIS was the man who stood before me with a fiendish grin atop his acne festooned and unshaven chin.

"Ere guv, want to buy some TAPES?" the voice rasped out with a sound not unlike an expectant sow with wind. Not being one to take this sort of dealing seriously, i merely queried whether he had wandered in here in the presumption that this was a second-hand gramophone records establishment. "Nah, TAPES, y'know-this my son, is a searing, sordid documentation of the REAL side of the royal family, bastards that they are... candid

Exclusive

cassette recordings of Liz 'n' Phil at home, Knowrramean?"

Tell me more! This sounded interesting, quite authentic, coming from a man with a history as dubious as an Arthur Daley discount deal. I ushered the gloating figure into my complimentary Total Beal airing cupboard, and as we ascertained our places, crouched on shelves, i took the liberty of inserting a cassette into my steam-driven personal hi-fi. A minute's worth of listening was assurance enough that it was legitimate, "I'll tell you guv, announced Crashe-Barrier, polishing his dentures, "This is the real McCoy, no cheap fake impersonations or anyfink".

It turned out that he had sneaked into the palace, disguised as a corgi poo-poo, past several guardsmen, who were later found out to be asleep, working his way through the corridors of the large 'Pad' until he reached select rooms. Here he went to work and planted sensitive bugging devices. After this, and a quick bribe to a footman, he went and dug himself a hidey-hole in the palace grounds, incarcerating himself there for days on end, pausing only to go to the lavatory and to nip down to the nearby Wimpy.

There were in fact two tapes, all edited out and of great quality. After writing out a cheque for £15,000 in the name of King Abdul Ramayan and his acrobatic cucumber, Mr Eugene Crashe-Barrier dashed out into the outside world, cackling to himself and grinningly insanely at passers-by. His upper-class education obviously did not learn him about the green cross code, and he suffered a compressed fate under the wheels of taxi no. 652 driven by 34 year old Mr. Ethel Bowles.

At once i fled to a remote spot to conduct my detailed examination of the recordings. let us start with the morning of the 12th of December 1984. Prince Phillip is busy cutting his nails in the drawing room, and Liz has just entered.

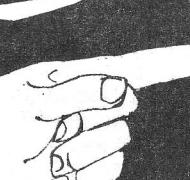
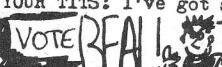
LIZ : "For F**k's sake Phil, Do you have to cut your toe-nails over the best original axminster? It was bad enough young William crapping all over it last week."

PHIL : "Shut it ye bitch and sit down. FOR GOD'S SAKE WOMAN, PULL UP YOUR TITS! I've got some bad news. Di's dad was busted by the D.S. yesterday evening."

LIZ : "Oh dear, that's terrible news, did they get him on anything?"

PHIL : "Er, yes. They found 3 grammes of speed underneath the tiger skin rug, and unfortunately he was rolling a joint at the time."

LIZ : "Stupid bastard, serves him right. Do you remember the time we went round before the wedding, and he and his wife sniffed a whole pint of glue between them and never offered us any. I knew our charles should never have married into that family."



PHIL ; "Aye-up, here comes Diana now, with.. who the blazes is that?"

LIZ ; "That's your grand-son Harry. Oh i forgot, it's your first time you've seen him is'nt it?"

PHIL ; "F**k me, i never new we had another 'un in the line"

LIZ ; "Why on earth did you call him Harry anyway?"

DI ; "What the f**k's it got to do with you? You old slag."

PHIL ; "Now now, we would'nt want any severe lacerations of the skin to show up in public, would we now..."

DI ; "If you must know, Charles picked it because Sir Harry Secome gave him some free COONS bootlegs, as well as some wipeout hash. It's not bad, but i'd have preffered Oliver."

LIZ ; "Oh no dear, it makes him sound like an onion..."

PHIL ; "Jack me up Dong, IN THE KNEE."

LIZ ; "Where's the syringes then? i hope you got some more?"

DI ; "Oh, er... i think Andrew took the last of them to flog, ironic word eh?, down at STRINGFELLOWS."

PHIL ; "Randy bastard, like father like son-eh? I remember this time when i had this tart in Cairo, last year i think it was, anyway, i'll tell you, it certainly taught me a thing or two!"

LIZ ; "Did'nt tell you how to jack yourself up with smack though, did she?"

PHIL ; "F**koff you old dog. Where's Charles, Di?"

DI ; "Oh him, well, he's busy shooting some tourists just now."

LIZ ; "FOOTMAN, Bring some of that cheap wine that i bought from tescos. Did you know that i was fondled in the meat department?"

DI ; "Well you've got plenty of meat in your departments, how's the diet going? fatto?"

LIZ ; "No, after that froggy poofter Mitterand's visit the other month, and then we had to go and give the cunt a slap-up nosh, and that bloody speech of his, bored the arse off me i can tell you.... he was going to do the joke about the russian dissident and the banana, but they threatened to cut him off if he did, not that much of the bloody pig headed bastard public would've understood it, thick imbeciles, i hate em all, especially that Willie Hamilton peni-head."

PHIL ; "But i thought you rated him as one of the world's best lovers?"

LIZ ; "Yes, well we wont go into that shall we....."

PHIL ; "Meter man's wife's a bit of alright though..grroooaaaaarrggghhh!!!! i've got her phone number."

LIZ ; (sarcastically) "Then why not put on your sexy french underwear and stockings and give her a phone then?"

PHIL ; "That's a great idea Liz, i'll just go and do that now!"

Exit Prince Phillip. Soon after this, Harry vomits all over the suite, causing DI to go and find some vodka to support her alcoholic dependance, and the Queen falls asleep.

So, after that bit there is more to the royals than meets the eye, eh? At this point i try and calm my excited nervous system by brewing up a cup of Horlicks. What will the outcome of this be? Will the SUN accept it? "HRH's IN DRUGS & SEX SHOCK" i can see it all now, i could make a nice sum out of all this, Hmmm...HOWEVER, i fast forward the tape to the DINING ROOM scene, about 8 pm. Present are Phil, Liz, Charles, Di, Andrew, and Princess Margaret.

PHIL ; "Ah hello Margaret. you old bag, do have a seat, it must be tiring carrying all that make-up and silicone implants around with you."

MAG ; "F**k off, right?"

DI ; "Charles has been telling me that you've got a new boyfriend Margaret, is that true?"

MAG ; "What's it to you? Look, if i wanna go out and get laid and out of my skull, then so wot? say anymore things like that, and i'll rip your f**king face off-RIGHT?"

DI ; "Okay, Okay, keep your hairpiece on..."

LIZ ; "Dear me, where's mother got to? i expect she shall be pissed out on Lambrusco again, that Italian tour gave her a taste for cheap vino."

PHIL ; "And gondoliers, that's another thing, there's still two of 'em locked up in her chambers."

CHARLES ; "Never mind him mum, he's got sex on the brain, ALL the time... SEK SEK SEX..."

PHIL ; "Poofter."

DI ; "Well, i'd better not say anything, had i?"

At this moment a rather drunken Queen Mum is carried in by two footmen.

LIZ ; "Righto boys, you can put her down now."

MUM ; "Such nice boys...WOOPS! Hic!"

PHIL ; "Hello o' drunken one, how's the rest of the palace? we have'nt seen you for five days."

BIG "Q" ; "Do'nt be so hard on her, Phillip, she was coming down real bad last week with something."

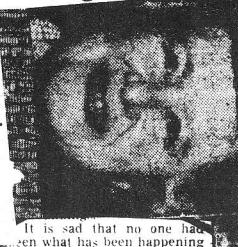
The Royal Tapes CONTINUED

SILLY

THE FAMOUS "THRONE" PHOTO OF THE QUEEN, ON THE TOILET, READING A COPY OF "PLAYGIRL MONTHLY"

Old woman dies and reveals hopelessness behind the facade

Headline of an Irish newspaper giving a false announcement of the BIG Mum's death (Or is it true?)



It is sad that no one has seen what has been happening to the couple and has pulled them out of their situation, though the son has now been treated and will be looked after.

But how many other facades hide such dreadful homes and hopeless lives?

MORE OF WHAT
MAKES BRITAIN
FAMOUS...
PHIL ; "I am not, I AM NOT!!!"

ANDY ; "Well, take of that dress then...."

BUT
I'M NOT
AMUSED

JOLLY
GOOD
SHOW!

A LONG SILENCE AGAIN FALLS.

20

DI's new hairdo shocker



PRINCESS DIANA

U! - DI '84

CHARLES ; "I went off and got the new Disorder and Chaos u.k. albums from Rough Trade the other week, Shit-hot stuff MAAAN! I think i'll get "The anti-christ is here" tattooed on my foot, it'll look smart."

LIZ ; "You'll do no such thing my lad, Edward had "Make homebrew, not war" done on his arse, I don't know what the younger generation is coming to these days."

DI ; "Anne was telling me that the GBH gig in Leeds the other week was brilliant - Col handed her the mike during the chorus of "GENERAL'S" and she got her bra autographed by the band backstage."

PHIL ; "I bet Mark was jealous, poor sod. Mind you, he'd be just as well packing off to good old Singapore for a weekend of sex, booze and drugs, like liz did in '76, didn't you?"

LIZ ; "No, er...whatever makes you think that?" (worried tone)

After a few minutes of silence, broken only by Charles to "Learn a thing or two, smallboy." and mutterings of complaint from DI, Phil goes out the window, whilst practicing for "When I am king". Who is not an avid fan of Starsky and Hutch. Liz goes to the wine cellar, the Queen disconnects her artificial legs and by irony which is sooner than you think, Charlie boy, heh arm pit, full strength blend" to be precise, Will Queen mum goes to the wine cellar, the Queen mum sober up in time for Easter? Now we go Starskt and Hutch DO come on.... DI then takes HO! HO! HO!

PHIL ; "Cawd, i could do with a little bit of..."

LIZ ; "Well YOU ought to know about little bits, they didn't call you "TINY" for nothing you know.... Phil, i think we ought to do something about the security in this place, only this morning i woke up to find two young men at the end of the bed. Swigging bottles of cider and singing negro spiritual ballads..."

PHIL ; "So, you think we should...."

LIZ ; "SLACKEN SECURITY! Let all these nice, virile young men run wild! Let the muscle bound stallions have their way!!!!!!"

PHIL ; "Calm yourself my dear, these sheets belonged to my mother."

LIZ ; "Fancy a wee snort?"

PHIL ; "I'd say, GERREMOFF YOU SLAG!!!"

LIZ ; "No, no you stupid oaf, Andrew was right, it's sex sex sex all the time with you."

PHIL ; "So? i saw your hand underneath the table at the Mitterand banquet."

LIZ ; "Oh.. i was looking for my glasses."

PHIL ; "Funny looking glasses, were'nt they?"

LIZ ; "Let's say no more, if Linley hadn't hushed up that incident with you and the sailor in drag, god knows where we'd be...the SUN would've pissed themselves with excitement."

PHIL ; "Just like you when that Jerry big-shot er...whats his name? Kohl-bunker or something, comes over for a puff at the good old weed."

LIZ ; "Keep Charles out of this."

PHIL ; "No, the old Bob Hope, Have-a-grope, y'know."

LIZ ; "I'd rather not just now, if you do'nt mind. But if you do your RED RUM impersonation on the carpet, i'll get on."

PHIL ; "No thanks, that's one ride i dd'nt want to be taken for. It ruined my shirt last time. Dirty bitch."

LIZ ; "Do'nt mention Nancy Reagan to me."

PHIL ; "I do'nt think that it's a very good impression, i have'nt even got a horse -like face."

LIZ ; "What about Anne?"

PHIL ; "Skin-up Dong, just a wee number and then i'll do the Red rum'er."

LIZ ; "You'll have to get the butler to do it, i'm flaked out after that cannabis souffle."

PHIL ; "AAAAAARRRGHHH.....why go to the trouble of getting the butler to do it?"

LIZ ; "What, the Red rum'er?"

PHIL ; "AH shut up arse face, GET THOSE ROBES OFF!!!"

LIZ ; "AAAAAAAAARRGGHH...OOOOAAAARRGGHH...WHEEEEEE!! HUMMMHHH...WWAAAARRGGHHH!!!"

PHIL ; "What's the game? i have'nt even got off my girdle yet."

LIZ ; "I've just found your syringes."

PHIL ; "GREAT! Jack me up Dong - IN THE FOREHEAD."

LIZ ; "Oh, go and ask Charles."

PHIL ; "GREAT IDEA!"

Phil goes off in search of Charles and also to

Get a breath of "Fresh heir" and disappears out of the room. BUT, to my surprise, there is

STILL more conversation...

LIZ ; "Alright boys, the old bastard's gone, COME AND GET IT! WHEEEEEE!!!"

Due to public decency and certain limits, the ensuing conversation, that of Liz, 2 well known bishops, a member of the tory front bench and a 101 year old man, is a bit too much to print, although certain people have been contacted and the money is on its way. The tape now cuts to the bedroom of Charles and Diana.

FOLLOW THIS LINE

The Queen in cunning guise,
Honduras '80.

if you're going to do it, do it properly-PILLOCK:

BEANS OR TOM

YUM-YUM!

CHARLES ; "Sorry Diana, it's too small, i'll have to wait a bit."

CHARLES ; "It's too small, isn't it? at least play the white man, if you're going to play MONOPOLY, then pay all your debts with the right amount of money and no bloody I.O.U.'s."

CHARLES ; "Well, it looks as if i'll have to mortgage the old waterworks."

CHARLES ; "Sorry, i must've had too much carpet cleaner and Bordeaux to drink..."

CHARLES ; "Well, it's my throw, let's see...Give me that money. Right. Ah...Double four...Me again.... seven, right. AH! I've landed on Community chest, Pay doctor's fee £50" well,

they can bloody well go and piss off!"

CHARLES ; "I think that YOUR waterworks department is mortgaged, it bloody well hasn't done anything in ages."

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they can bloody well go and piss off!"

CHARLES : "But Diana, I always pay my fines and you do'nt, in fact it's the first time i've ever seen anyone use all the money from the bank." DI : "Sod this alright? How's about a bit of you-know-what?"

CHARLES : "Really Diana, you know it tires me out, all that going up and down... i hate it, it makes me feel fragile."

DI : "Surely "Snakes and ladders" isn't all THAT bad, it's better than that bloody game of yours," The naughty nun and the naked Polynesian clam diver."

CHARLES : "Daddy showed me that one."

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

VOICE : "COOOOO-EEEEE... Anyone in?"

DI : "NO."

VOICE : "Do'nt F**k me about okay? this is heavy business Maaaaaan."

CHARLES : "It's Daddy, Yes dad-What is it?"

PHIL : "Any good books to read?"

CHARLES : "Come in, and watch out, Harry was sick all over the floor." PHIL (comes in) ; "Filthy little things. Er yes son, and hummm... Di. You are looking stunning tonight, my dear. Mainly due to that considerable lack of clothing."

DI : "TAKE OFF THOSE F**KING X-RAY SPECS!!"

CHARLES ; "Here you are dad, "Royalty and the scum of society throughout the ages", "Victoria's guide to metropolitan ale-houses. Vol one." and "How to execute the lowlife in many painful methods."

PHIL ; "Yes...er, you would'nt happen to have anything a bit more...."

CHARLES ; "Perverted? here you are, "RUSTLER", "MAYFAIR", "WHITEHOUSE" and the "RUBBER WEAVER'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK." is that enough?"

CHARLES : "NO! Now go and do some reading."

PHIL ; "Is that all you can say to your poor old dad, well, i'll just do that, GOODNIGHT!"

DI : "F**K OFF!"

CHARLES ; "Right, how about a bit of fun then?" DI : "OH YES, please take it out Charles, go on!" CHARLES ; "Okay then, i bet you've been waiting for it for ages."

DI ; "You bet! I love it!"

CHARLES ; "So do i, it's AGES since i played "Cluedo"

DI ; "What's the bloody use?.... i'm away for a can of later...."

And with that final statement from Di, the last side comes abruptly to an end, leaving us at the finish of the day with a wildly exciting document of the Royal family that we never see-and they say that the youth of Britain are a shame to their country? Hmmm, i'm sure we can sell this for a pretty penny..... This is Hubert F. Dole, thinking of heavy expenses and a bulging bank account, in a hut on the windswept Exmoor, Britain.



Gloom

THE OFFICIAL PATRICK LEECH FIELD
PHOTO OF THE ROYAL WEDDING



K-Y JELLY PRODUCTIONS LTD 1985.

Letters

Dear Mr. Total Beal

I was deeply shocked when my eight year old son returned home with a copy of the revolting mag in question (and i do'nt mean Thatcher) with the words "Look mummy, look what a nice man with green hair forced me to buy." with the natural fear of a parent, i grasped the offending atricle out of his trembling hand and was HORRIFIED to see the sort of utter rubbish and FILTH that it contained.... It only makes my belief, as a housewife and staunch SUN reader, that these vomit-haired drug-taking granny-beating punk thugs must be all gassed or hung by the private parts and made to suffer a fate worse than the OBSERVER.

Yrs, offendedly,

Mrs. Mary O' Cesspit
Nottingham.

P.S.

My husband thinks it's SO brilliant, but then again, he thinks that Russell Harty is a poof and that can only sum up his mentality.

WHAT?

Memories of the trams

THE BAD OLD DAYS... a readers letter by Mrs Aggie Orifice.

Aye, the bad old days, how right they were....it was the time when we'd have to work for our money not like the youngsters these days.....they get things far too easy if you ask me. Why, if we even went to butter a "pinkie gillock" which was our name for a bit o' bread, then our father, who worked 20 hours a day gathering trees in the forest, would string us up on the "Fergy-wally" the washing line and hit us repeatedly over the head and knock with a big wooden plank with six-inch nails in it.

Aye, we were brought up hard, there was 46 of us, and we shared a bunk bed between us in an airing cupboard whilst our parents slept on a single potato sack, a "sarry" stuffed full of goose feathers. In the morning we were sent off to school, we'd only one pair of trousers between us, and they were our father's size 56 waisters. We took it in turns to wear them, although the draught due to the lack of material in the back-side area, which had long gone, was rather hard on the blueberries in the winter-time, we saw it as a privilage and were luckier than some.

We had one meal a day, which was potato peelings and, if we were lucky, a cup of paraffin, which kept us fine & warm when we "slavered" in the garden. We had a wee allotment of which we grew our own vegetables. Once a year dad would go into town with all the vegetables we'd grown and get absolutely "steam-arsed" in the local pub, when he came home he used to take mum outside and play football using her as the ball. He used to come and sit on top of us and "jeggy" us, that is asphyxiate all 46 of us. death was common and after 2 years 36 of my brothers and sisters had been killed and sold to the local mill for stoking fuel for the boilers.

I left school at 7 and was immediately put into the mill to work. My job was to stand in a corner for days on end and with my mouth open, catch the water that was dripping from the hole in the canteen roof. For this i got sixpence every annum and i gave most of it to dad, i had to as he often had me at knife-point whenever the annual "peegy-cashy" pay day came about. I managed to keep a ha'penny and with this i could buy a new pair of shoes, fishtank, packet of epsom salts, a bag of broken biscuits which was cordon bleu to most kids, a new frock for the summer, a grand "suckie" of sweeties, a gramophone horn, a new dolly, 37 suppositories and a brand new "Johnny Mcleod and his performing haggis" jig-saw.

Aun died of severe axe wounds at the tragically early age of 19, dad then sold me to a workhouse for as he put it "to get the money to invest in liquid assets" last thing i heard of dad he was selling matches outside the arsonists reform centre in Totnes. I always respected dad, and i was his favourite due to the fact that he always used our best bread knife whenever he tried to murder us all when we left a weed unpicked in the allotment (after he'd been and sold the veg-estables) and i was allowed to fan him down whenever saturday night came round....with the large neighbour-skin fan.

Ah yes, hard times BUT WE WERE HAPPY...we had nothing and we still have nothing, but as my old dad philosophised, "Money don't buy ye happiness....so give it tae me you little runt"....we were brought up hard and i brought up my young kids the same way.....2 left home and 3 committed suicide, but at least they appreciated what it was like in the bad old days.

To Whoever it may concern.

With regards to your prior Beal issue, i am horrified and angered ever since my 14-year old son came into contact with the said issue 2. This had a strikingly detrimental effect on his behaviour and attitude. Having discovered his regulation nice school uniform lying in the corner of his bedroom with "FUCK THE SYSTEM" sprayed on the back in gold spray paint, he has now moved onto a more "Eighties style, dad" get-up of torn t-shirts, bleached jeans and painted, studded leather jacket with WIRED SLOGANS emblazoned on each available space. He refuses to obey my orders whenever my important friends come round. If this is the effect it has on all, (I must add that the DISGUSTING disease of beal has caught onto my Daughter, wife, mother, father, budgie and my Terrapin as well, who has been adopted by a motorcycle gang) Then all i can honestly say is that Britain is DOOMED and that the only resonable cure would be to have all you urine-haired yobbos hung, shot and/or put in the army. I had to do my national service and work 20 hours a day as an apprentice bottlewasher and...and... oh sod it, they're playing the new UK SUBS album again.

Yours, not very pleased at all,

Roger Penihead,
141 Death row,
Penge.

I SAY!

It has come to my attention that you are featuring a cruel and heartless send-up of the world's greatest ever entertainer, the unique FRANK SINATRA, In the Filth-strewn pages of your nasty magazine. I must say that i know Frank very well, in fact he's even sent me a lifesize cardboard cut-out of himself and an autographed toe-nail. I have all his albums, which is a darn sight more better than your punk rock music - We have all heard the TRUE stories of punk singers VOMITING on people's heads and eating live babies backstage whilst under the influence of MIND-BENDING DRUGS - I know it all, so do'nt try and say otherwise.

Frank Sinatra is the mainstay of the entire modern entertainment business, i don't care if they say he's past it and old, HE IS'NT - he said so himself and i believe every word that the messiah says, so it must be true. So just POP OFF and leave Frank alone!

Yours Furiously,
Brigadier Charles Donkey's-innards (Miss)
C/O Marchcroft eventide home for the
mentally distressed,
Coventry.

Hellooo Chaps!

Just cast my eyes on the pilot issue 2 of your jolly rag. Must say, it's a 'Triffic show, must buy issue three sometime. Any chance of featuring ME in it? Tally-ho for now!

Yours, Royally
ANDREW (prince) WOTAN
Buckingham palace UTTER
LONDON. TUD-MAD!

HO! HO! HO! We'll feature you alright, do'nt you worry about that matey.....

Dear sir

With regards to your Sept. 1984 edition of TOTAL BEAL, which i purchased on the pretext of it being a publication for the stock exchange and finance big-wigs in our swarming metropolis. Being a commuter and office worker, i found said magazine a comfortable relief from the daily drudgery of the pink tints of the FINANCIAL TIMES, and the conservative gin & tonic trap of The OBSERVER.

Reading about these modern pop bands certainly put a bit of well-needed colour into my haggard features, and you can bet that on the train home, the KING KURT article was read by more than one member of the compartment! several of my friends have started to don "Fuck you, you tory shitheads" badges and discarded the pin stripe and bowler image for a cooler leather, studs, bondage and spikes. Jenkins of Finance says it's a f***king ACE idea, and old Harvey wants to form a band. All this has led, not surprisingly, to our being sacked but even as we are, on the dole, one of maggie's millions, we

want to start up our own fanzine and hopefully, a compilation tape. and at the moment? Well, Felicity's breathing down my (Dog) collar and complaining about the noise level of the DISORDER bootleg.

Yours sincerely, SO THAT
PERCY PUKE.

(Formerly percival lodds of Pearl assurance, Croydon)

Mrs Aggie Orifice.

Dear Beal Chappies.
KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK THERE!

H.R.H. Terry Wogan.

Dear Scum.

It's people like you who give Britain (All hail David Niven) a bad name. What with your spiky hair, kept up entirely with large amounts of glue, and also injecting four pounds of raw cocaine EACH DAY and killing 87 year old great grandmothers to support your insane cravings for cheap wine and metal polish.... The increased vandalism of public Toilets and harmless laboratorys... Everyone likes these nice scientists and their usefull contributions to science, even if they Do use the odd cat or two.....

They are the REAL spirit of what has made Britain great, so why do'nt you go and join the army? i know that in my day, we had to work 17 hours a day in a pus filled well, digging into solid granite with our bare hands for Threepence a month and WHY? Well... they never told us EXACTLY why we had to dig into solid rock, but at least we gained a sense of achievement.... Even if it meant us having sheep's brains on toast once a week IF WE WERE LUCKY and.... and..... Yours, a true patriot,

Sir Bertrand Arkwright-Goebbelz
26, the front
London W2

records & tapes

reviewed by

ALL RIOT?

RAT/HABIT

SUBHUMANS-RATS E.P.

As one of the most productive bands of vinyl degree this side of "THE BLACK ALBUM" (obviously a damned fan) The olde Fish Subbers put their latest round black bit of plastic with a hole in it onto the dubious publice. And the verdict? Not as playable as any of the prior pieces... I was hard pressed to find anything rather than the great sound quality to be satisfied with. No Catchy choruses or tunes that you remember after one play. All i can say is, if you're one of the Subhumane fanatics, then get the money out.....

DAVID BOWIE
DR. FEARNS

ENGLISH DOGS.

"TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH" 12"

Punk/metal crossover gets into full swing with the English Dogs! Will they manage to survive beyond the Wakey? As well as the departure of another one of the early line up from their devastating "Mad punks" 12" - a first class platter of discharge/GBH style songs, which put them on the mantle of being the successor to clay's big cheeses, Discharge. Remember when Bones left Discharge? This can be compared to the post-bones "Warning" 12" - English canines, what have you done!, Heavy metal style guitar breaks and very little to offer in the brand that you made popular with the "Porkymen" L.P. A true example of a change for the worst in my opinion. Bring back Wakey! Perhaps this is more suited to live performing than on a turntable. Oh well, you know what they say, all good things must come to an end...



DISTEMPER. Four track demo tape.

Another Scots band here, From Greenock so it says, they sent me this nicely produced quadruple aural assault on various topics, backed up with the usual guitar drums but with two basses! Quite novel, and not a bad demo at all! The lyrics are quite straightforward - English... Hmmm, something funny about here surely? Four tracks we have here, "Living Hell" Clearly being the best with "Insane society" following hot on its heels, the other two, "Violence and hate" and "Not missed" are good, but not really anything special. I got an A3 size (twice A4 size) poster with this, containing all the lyrics, some info and a very interesting attack on the rip-off Frankie goes to Hollywood. (About time too!) But overall this is as good as most stuff about now, so you know what to spend your money that you got for busking outside the hospital for the deaf, on. AND ANOTHER TAPE WITH NO PRICE ON IT! So you'll just have to get in touch with vocalist DAVIE at 33, FINNESTON STREET, GREENOCK, SCOTLAND, or phone (0475) 28242... send him a slice of toast while you're at it.....

RIOT/CLONE - Why do you have to eat me?

Well, Mitch says to write down "PREACH", as this is for the hardened A.L.F type buddies out there... Sometime after the slumber-inducing intro, which goes on for enough time to boil a kettle, (Who left the T.V. on in the recording studio?) we hear ANOTHER vegetarian straight-from-the-heart type song, great chorus, The lyrics? Have these guys ever heard of CLICHET Still, their heart's in the right place, which is more than can be said for the live track following the B-side opener "Running", an easy contender for an A-side, I think they should have left it on the bootleg. Say this to be of titanic proportions, (or culled from, naturally instinct expects a total flop) but i can honestly say that this is a brilliant follow up to the previous singles, funky bass overtone

23 tec
The Kn
george ar
bloodvessel

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

- H style.

Stiv Bators of the New Church,
a lord in his own right? Roll on!

THE
LORD

BIG GAL of THE MANIAK - In dire need of a BATH? WE INVESTIGATE...
CULT MANIAK - The adventures of Johnny the duck & the bath time blues 12".

Devon's Unshavenest bawdy balladeers come out with yet another piece of plastic. This i am landed with, is the five slice L.P. size version of their new single.. Is it as good as the "Full of Spunk" E.P? Not quite, i reckon, but that's inner-village planning for you. Shaping up as it does, the title track is good, humours vibes, which bounds along at a catchy pace. Among the other four slices left on the plate, "Village Freedom" by far, is the most tasty with a faberoobee chorus. The rest? Good songs, but not scratching up to previous standards... very much advised for the Purchae, with brilliant production and some funny photos on the lyric bound glossy sleeve. When's the l.p out?

le... luverly!

LE LU/ LU'S - "The story" / six song cassette.

Yo-Yo, vocaliser and god knows what else with this bunch of (quote) "space age popsters" sent forth a cassette FREE OF CHARGE! (Thanks) after i sent her a free copy of T. Beal2 (They being in it y' see) and was at once excited at the prospect of being a double helping of LL since, after i'd got hold of their BRILLIANT 1st, or i think it was, cassette, which was a classic collection of synthy melody with a fab overtone of poppy computerisms with a slightly futuristic theme. (pretentious expressiveness, hah? - just an excuse to try & sound 'arty', so do n't mind me!) ANYWAY, this baffling outfit with the 'totally' confusing info sheets and odd manner took the festive spirit in mind and put JACKANORY under observation at the same time! The story, or rather it ought to be "A Christmas story" is their attempts at beating the celeb. It was also given a six track demo or whatever they want to call it. This is the big focal point, as it's all new material with a new line to follow? and is perfect for christmas. Out of season, however, it may seem out of place, But i was also given a six tracks easily competing with last year's fruit. "Juck Love" and "Auf Wiedersehen" being clear favourites. Trouble is, they gave me 3 extra tracks, so i can only deduce that the "Story" size plus 3 tracks was the official release, which costs £1 + 50p, the 1st tape i do not know the price of, but like it's follow up, it's a brilliant piece of unconventional music that i highly recommend. Write to: Yo-Yo, 6 Westmorland Avenue, Blackpool, Lancashire, FY1 5LG

VICTIMISED?

Bean thief and tangerine desperado of the extremest nature Avril Reid, goes into the kitchen, dons psychedelic wellies and takes the next available helicopter in search of

After reaching Saline, I had now to find Eastercraig Gardens. I quizzed a few locals on how to get there, but at the mention of Willie Pea they screamed, tore at their hair, and popped off. So much for citizenly advice.

Finally getting a taxi to my destination, I began to walk cautiously along the pavement, trying not to tread on the pensioners, lying in RIGOR MORTIS, with signs saying "I went to a Society's Victims gig" hanging round their necks. As I innocently strolled along down this street I never noticed the trip-wire Pea had set up, causing me to fall right into the dreaded garden. This was obviously Pea's abode. The 13 tons of empty Tennant's lager cans and the flag bearing the words "Buy my demo and buy me a beer" implanted in the front green proved it.

At that moment, four mucky faces popped round the door, these I recognised (With aid of Interpol files) as Pea, Stu, Greezy & Sam.

I was invited in and Sam cleared the lager cans (Empty) off the sideboard so I could sit down. While perching myself on the sideboard and wobbling, I thought I'd better get these questions answered or otherwise the editor would be quite upset.

Righto then, let's begin.....Whose idea was it to get together the group, and WHY? I asked these brew-filled fellows. Through slurps of lager I learned that it came to be out of the smoky ruins of Fatal Youth, their old band. Pea said they wanted they wanted to put over their views and everybody agreed. They also wanted to enjoy "A good Bevvy".

The words "Do you get much local support?" came out of my mouth, the Four group members looked at each other. Things went so quiet even Sam stopped singing "Love will tear us apart" and that's mighty serious, Maaaan..... "What's support?" Greezy asked. I explained what support meant. Their combined opinion was that they didn't get any down their way. "People think we're weirdo's" said Pea, with pouted mouth and a "Feel sorry for me." look on his face. "Some pub's do'n't even serve us." they went on. This to them must be the worst thing in life, apart from getting beaten up when they do gain access to such taverns.

"We've played 12 gigs!" screamed Stu from the goldfish bowl. They've all been quite good, or so I'm led to believe. Rumour has it that their gig at the 62 club in Aberdeen and the Chimes gig in sunny Dunfermline rated well. Society's victims set out to enjoy themselves at a gig and it would have to be pretty dire before they do'n't.

GREEZY
ON THE
BEAT



SOCIETY'S VICTIMS

THE LAGER CREW



I was informed that their first gig as SOCIETY'S VICTIMS was at Burntisland. This may come as a shock, but they went onstage SOBER! When asked what their influences were, at the top of the 37 foot long list that Sam handed me, was TENNANT'S LAGER, hastily scribbled in lime green biro pen. I don't suppose they are influenced by many bands seeing as they all like various styles such as The Damned (YYYYAYYY!) Beatles, Crass, Conflict, and for Sam, who other than JOY DIVISION!

Because I had been gagged by Greezy, who was practicing to be a kidnapper, I had to mumble the next question, which was meant to be "Has there been any disagreements amongst you about your music and lyrics." but sounded more like "Have you mints in your fridge." but I persuaded to degag me so I could put the question across more civilised. "Not really." said Stu (Who was now standing on his head whilst eating a bag of crisps.) But Pea said they often have a lot of hassle when they write the songs. Now that I was on the subject of songs and lyrics, I stayed with it. "Our songs are mostly based on anti-war religion and a couple about my experiences on the picket line." Explained Pea, with a silly voice whilst attempting to balance a violin on his toe. Suddenly, he burst into tears. Sam ran and got the 'Scotties', while Greezy told me that Pea is a miner and has been on strike since about march. (and is feeling the lack of money) Stu answered my querie as to whom it was that scribed the lyrics by saying that Pea writes 99.9% but not forgetting that he himself wrote a couple.

In their set there's about 14 songs, and their own three favourites are.... Pea - (through sniffles) Army, Sob Sob (not a song) Conned with miracles and blind faith . Stu's top three are.... Stu's song (wonder why?) Blind faith and reject religion. Greezy likes.... Army, Blind faith and reject religion.

Sam says clearly...I DO'NT LIKE ANY OF THAT SHIT!

"What sort of bands do you like?" I asked the four lager-quaffing punksters. Pea and Greezy said that they like Crass, Flux, Discharge, Annie Anxiety, GHI and to soak up to the editor, Red Brigade (Why not?) Stu likes the Damned (wise man) Pistols, Clash, Insane and Society's victims. Sam was at this moment hanging from the curtain rail, shouting "Joy Division.. Joy Division... Joy Division...Joy Division.. Oh yes, and Cowdenbeath brass band."

According to an official Society's Victims press release, Greezy and Pea are both vegetarian but still wear leather articles so do'n't go preaching about it.

Apart from Fatal Youth, the boys say they've never been in any other group. "We do'n't want to be either, because no other group drinks as much as us!" said Sam. Any groups wishing to contest

this claim should contact for further details comparing of beergut measurements.

Due to a strong love for lager between them, this line-up has lasted a mega 2½ years and counting. so who knows what they'll do in the future. or for that matter, how long they'll last. After all, they are all 20 years old, so have plenty time to do as they wish. There may be a few additions to their line-up, because they claim that anybody that will buy them a drink can join. So perhaps in the years to come Society's victims will have 64 guitarists, 76 bassists, 45 drummers and 108 singers! It's amazing the things you can do with a few pints. But i think they were only joking. I hope so anyway.....

I approached the subject of their area. "What's your opinion of your area - would you find it easier to get on somewhere else?" after saying that long sentence i had to take a rest so, while reclining on the sideboard, i awaited their answer. After a minute or so of mumbled conferring, they reached the verdict. THIS AREA IS SHIT! and claimed it would be easier to get on anywhere else, even FRASERBURGH!! (this i cannot believe)



ZTT records are currently releasing more versions of FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD's "RELAX" and "TWO TRIBES" as from tomorrow, you will be able to buy a "TWO TRIBES" 12" flat cap, with a bonus track "The greayyyyyttt rock 'n' roll swindle (club version) if you buy it with a FGTH compact kit.

Meanwhile the two singles are being coupled (if you'll excuse the phrase) on a picture disc plate which you can eat from, wash with the special "RELAX" washing-up-liquid, and play for that special after-dinner treat, there is also the "RELAX" comfy sofa with an extended version 5-piece suite, along with some FGTH buttock "lick 'n' stck" tattoos. Their latest single "BIG BOYS (stick together)" has been banned by the BBC. Spokes man MIKE READ said "they're not our type" so is the U.K set for a new t-shirt invasion....who gives a f---?????



FGTH - A total bummer (Groan!)

Stu came through from the kitchen with a tan of black boot polish so he could disguise himself as a witches cat. (he's still got the hallow'een spirit in him - and saturday nights)

Judging by these four loonies i met, i

STU - JAKE CAKES NOT BOMBS!

SAM - I CANNY PRACTICE THE NIGHT, I'D PLAYING IN THE JAZZ BAND!

GREEZY - C'MON NEEBS BUY US A PINT!

They think the Chimes gig in Dunfermline was

the best!

"Have you played many local gigs?" i asked.

"actually, we've only played a couple." said

Greezy, doing his Princess of Wales act.)

(Complete with court shoes and pill box hat.)

They think the Chimes gig in Dunfermline was

the best!

When i mentioned practices, they went kinda

wild, Stu ate the comfy chair (Oh no! Not the

Comfy chair!!!) Pea knocked over his can of

Lager on the carpet, and ended up putting the

whole thing through the mangle (YUK!) WASTE

NOT WANT NOT! Well, at the moment they have'nt

got a place to practice and have'nt since

March. "Sadly, we got thrown out of our last

place." Said Pea, "And we have'nt got enough

money to rent another place, there is'nt even a

suitable place to squat!"

Pea does all the artwork, well most of it,

so you can blame him if you have any complaints

but most of their gig posters were done by the

bands they support.

Weeeeeelll... my final question was "Have

you any plans for the future?". "Yeah, go and

scroungs enough money for a pint!" They all

chimed in unison.

25

A NOTE FROM THE VICTIMS

WE'D LIKE TO THANK AV. FOR DOING THIS INTERVIEW, HOPE YOU LIKE IT.

SEND AWAY TO PEAFOR THE DEAD TAPE.

BACK SUFFERERS!

The relief you've been waiting for

Okay, to please all you fanzine freaks panting eagerly for the review of some goodly mags, here is the run down on some mellow pages i got my gloves on.... man. No doubt about 84% of them will be outdated to the extent of total deletion and perhaps even a few RIGOR MORTISised editors? who knows.... as usual, i've put my collective senses of at least two minutes of making sand castles, to Shuffle up on the plain ... man. (again - hippy jargoh) read forth with.....

JUGULAR VEIN issue 3 25p

"The Airdrie Fanzine" it proclaims, A scottish fanzine..(no shouts of "Och aye the noo" And "Stop your tickling Jock" PLEASE...) and still they have not heard of Total Beal, (Who wants to?) silly rilly, when i spent a quiet nite in perusing over mounds of monochromed mags, i had to pay attention to J.V. as it has some good interviews with Uproar, the ace Screaming Dead, Last Rites, Resistance 77, Iconoclasts, and Simon Le Bon. Yes it's here, a great spoof on the abysmal D.D vocalist..ace stuff...some good reviews too... Someone please write to Andy, 7 Drumgoine Court, Airdrie Scotland and tell him to buy TOTAL BEAL before he falls victim to the curse of Throgmorton.

SPARSE issue 2 10p

AARRGGHH..it does nt say wot bands are in it, so i shall flick nonchalantly through the pages until i reach Le Endo. Hmmm...some reviews, Toxic Reasons in a nail-biting clinch with an unsuspecting interviewer... Foreign reviews, Some Blood Robots, AH! A bit on the ABUSE, of this funzine fame...Ah, A Potential Threat interview...some bits on love.. (is this man a hippy?) Wartoys... some more band articles and there you have it... a good ten p's worth... mind you i found it a bit run-of-the-mill. Still, Simon, c/o "LLYFAEN" Spring vale, Rainford, Merseyside, WA11 8PB awaits.

NO VISIBLE SCAR issue 14 20p

Something tells me that this fanzine has been round for a long time, perhaps it's the "Issue 14" on the cover? well, For all it's sage experience and aged wisdom, it doesn't really have a dazzling layout, and is mostly all reading matter of the musical sense, barring a funny page of "WULLIE & SHUG" a parody on the glue heads of this world? there's some good journalist style in here, as well as reviews and thingys on The Underdogs, Last Rites (AARRGGHH) Health hen, the deceased, 4 O'clock promise, town IV and all that jazz..... issue 15 is out now, so why not? Craig, 17 Percy road, Renfrew, Renfrewshire, PA4 8AZ Scotland.

PHONIX FROM THE CRYPT issue 3 20p
AAAAARRRGCCGHH!!!! Hardcore reports for hardcore freaks... Excellent print and nearly all reduced type..top value and unmissable if you are acquainted with the Varukers, Cult maniac, English Dogs, Deformed, KAAOS, Iconoclast, Rattus, Skundribblers (Nooooooo...!!!) Risteyt, IconoCLASTS (must avoid any confusion, or else we'll all be in the muddle) Rattus and more. PEK, 45 Kelsall Avenue, Eastham, Wirral, Merseyside L62 9BX has no shame and ought to stop wearing his mum's curtains NOW! (good eh?)

NO CONCERN issue 3. Could be about 25p?
I was given this one free, as it has been rumoured to contain the ever-reclusive RED BRIGADE. And really, this is good informative eyestrain. Among the pictures of naked ladies (Eh? Where?) you'll find Le Destruitors, Oi Polloi, Fits, Floweries in the dustbin, a certain Resistance 77, Last rites Toxic reasons and more. Lotsa gig reviews, but mysteriously, no fee of purchase. write to Paul, 126 Gainsborough green, Abingdon, Oxon OX14 5JP. you know it makes sense.

CAUTION issue 2 20p

If you're a fan of 'Crass' type bands and reading all about 'very serious and important subjects', then this is for you. There's loads of stuff in it, but it's all written with the intent to get as much type on the page as possible with not very much photo's and little or no layout. A lot of reviews and bits with Flux of Pink Indians, Autumn Poison, Chumbawamba, Faction, Passion Killers, Xpozez and more. The man behind this cheeky deed wishes to swap tapes (He has over 1000) so why not contact? Daz Russell, 16 Cherry Orchard Avenue, Halesowen, West Midlands B63 3RY. WHEEE!

FEAR THE REAPER issue 2 30p
From the man who did the X.U.K tapes, who played host to the Red Brigade, comes this, the official programme? It isn't really too good in layout, and there's only one photo. But then again, to cast your peepers upon interviews & bits on Political Asylum (Again!) the Icons, Resistance 77 (another again!) Chumbawamba, Pagan Idols, Alienated, Onslaught and all the other stuff..... A good try. Scribeth forward toooooooo Adrian, 16 Holmclose, Holmbridge, Tuddersfield HD7 INJ.....

LIVING DEAD issue 3, the last. 25p
And let's hear it for Living Dead, it bows out with it's head hung high and a review in BEAT. (The shame of it all) Ste of SPLAT! Distribution is responsible for this array of anarchic jives. Cherrees, who seem rather peeved at having to face some NON serious queries, (How boring) The Toy Dolls, who do nt, Deformed - silly fellows. No Brain Cells Salt 2 and maybe tomorrow. As Ste will be taking a few copies off my hands (Of this mag) i recommend you buy some more for your friends and order a few of LIVING DEAD as well. Karma ville Man. Ste, 11 Charnock, Skelmersdale, WN8 9IZ.

BOSTIK DOWNING STREET issue 2 5p!
The perpetrator behind this affair, a foolish gent called DAZ SHEET, sent me a bunch of these in exchange for Total Beal. Was it a fair deal for him? This is more of a poster than anything else. 2 X A4 size (A3) printed on both sides, and there's even a bit of colour (RED) on the front! this is a crammed together collection of Plasmid, Kulturkampf, the fiend and Hagar the womb interviews. Good stuff i daresay. He says that the next edition will be more of a humorous affair... this man needs silly correspondence and plenty of watering. Great cover to it as well.. (Thought i might as well mention it, like...AHM!) Daz, 89 Umum Drive, Leacham, Leicestershire, LE4 0LL.

One of the most compact fanzines out there could be, and a debut issue too! Loads of stuff to go BEEF over, a snip at the price..... Plasmid, Scrambling Dead, Sardist, Paranoid, Impacts, Kerrfarr and D.O.S. (Peww!); Departed, Wartoys, Releasess, Werched, Iconsavers, Mental Illness, Deformed, Scrambling Dead, Sardist, Paranoid, a snip at the price..... Plasmid,

UP YOURS! issue 1. 3 million p. (or 25p.)

Tactfully entitled, this subtle effort sashays throughout the mind with all ease.... and other arty phrases. Actually this is the first fanzine i've seen in ages with the DAMNED in it. It may be a basic review, but i like it! There's also the Sex Pistols, (there's something highly original and unexpected) Uproar. Well, they feature in yet another fanzine with the same old info, if the printing had made it readable it could've been better. Well, it makes a change from Woman's own, dunno? Andy Knott, Starhurst School, Chart Lane South, Dorking, Surrey.

FOLLOW THE CROWD issue 3 25p;

From the Emerald Isle (Iceland?) cometh FOLLOW THE CROWD, a great printed mixture of Interviews, info and reviews.... Lots of reading and lots of bits about irish bands, british bands BUT NOTHING ABOUT CELERY. Why is this? i failed to find any cryptic clues in the . Political Asylum, Carnage, Newtown Neurotics, Impact, Soldier Dolls, Ramones, I.A.M.F., Naked and Toxic waste articles, but perhaps DOE of 34 Cardenville Avenue, Omagh, Co. Tyrone, Northern Ireland BT79 7DB can explain this outrage. i am speechless...what more can i say?

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WIN TWO WEEKS IN THE SUN WITH LABRONE

Our reporter SMEGMA PHALLUS O' PISHFART went along to interview Frank Sinatra after one of his recent concerts. With a back-hander or two to get him past Frank's minders, he caught him lying on a stretcher about to enter the intensive care unit at St. Vanians hospital for the terminally clapped out.

SINATRA SHOCK

THE SORDID TRUTH

REVEALED

SMEGMA : How often do you use that dialysis machine Frank?
FRANK, Groans weakly and asks for a "Fix of uppers"
SMEGMA Say Frank, what d'ya think of the enormous heroin problem?
FRANK Frank, in a barely audible whisper "The profit potential is enormous"
SMEGMA Does that mean that you're pulling out of death weapons and reinvesting your loot in smack Frank?
FRANK Frank begins to shudder violently, so much so that his toupee falls off. He has noticed a passing buxom nurse. " UUUUUUUUUH...UUUHH...UUU...GROOOOOAAANNNN "
SMEGMA What's your fave music Frank? I noticed the CHAOS UK tattoo on your forehead
FRANK " PINK FLOYD, TANGERINE DREAM, MOTORHEAD, EXPLOITED, SKREWDRIVER, oh and CRASS. I've got quite a few CRASS rarities ectually.... Steve Ignorant's probably my number one source of musical inspiration."

SMEGMA Frank, a lot of people accuse you of being OLD and PAST IT, what are you going to do about getting less OLD Frank?

At this point Frank groaned weakly and shook his walking stick at me, only to be restrained by his ever-present doctor, who warned him about exerting himself.

SMEGMA Does it bother you that your doctor follows you everywhere, to the bathroom, in the shower, during sex even?

FRANK " FUCK OFF "

SMEGMA What about value for money? last gig you played you only stayed on for eleven minutes - and you had to be forcibly dragged on screaming and shouting

FRANK " That's entertainment!"

SMEGMA And the fifty minute violin solo during which you drank a bottle of scotch?

FRANK " That's a lie! it was milk. I always give value for money "

SMEGMA There is a rumour that you are in fact DEAD. Is this true Frank? Are you holding back on the fans?

FRANK " Certainly not, I'd tell you if I were dead. I'd make more money dead "

SMEGMA There is a school of thought that says that you are in fact GOD, what is your reaction to this?

FRANK " I agree wholeheartedly, naturally " **SMEGMA** Curious is it not, that it is YOUR money that finances that particular outfit?

FRANK " That's a lie, it's a charity "

SMEGMA What about OI music Frank?

FRANK " Ah yes, I've just bought "SON OF OI" some shit-hot guitar licks on that one!"

SMEGMA What are your views on nuclear war then Frank?

FRANK " To be Frank HA!.....HA?.....?? It's not as bad as it's made out - radiation can be quite enjoyable if you learn how to appreciate it. As for mutant babies, well, everyone loves a freak - eh? look at the elephant man, won an oscar, not bad for a mutant eh?"

SMEGMA Not bad at all. Does your mother really have a goats head tattooed on her vagina?

FRANK " I never knew a mother, or a father, I never had any parents"

SMEGMA Aw, that's a pity, I'm sorry for you

FRANK (emotional) " Yup me too "

SMEGMA Guess that makes you a BASTARD Frank, eh? EH????????!!!!

FRANK BECAME BORED AT THIS POINT AND DECIDED TO AMUSE HIMSELF BY SHOOTING OUR snap of Frank recording his recent album.

By our Blackcurrant correspondent in 'Noo Yoik' SMEGMA PHALLUS O' PISHFART

World Exclusive



EPILOGUE
" FRANK SINATRA DIES "



Frank Sinatra, who has actually been dead for some eight years, today admitted to an amazed press gathering that he was "dead". Sinatra's record "Sorry Folks, but I've copped it" is currently riding high at number one in the British, American, French, Brazilian and the Sandwich Islands charts.

Robert Morely was reported to have said yesterday that he was "Most

basically a corpse."

Frank denied rumours that his brain had been accidentally removed

during a recent operation to remove a small growth on his ear.

WITH EVERY ORDER
FREE
STURDY NORMAN SPRUCE
STRUCTURE TAFF

RODDY'S GARDEN By RODDY LLEWELLYN

28

R - I've acquired an Australian wattle plant, unfortunately without any instructions. can you advise?

A - No Oi bloody well can not, and what on earth is an Australian wattle plant? never heard of em. If i were you, oi'd throw the bloody thing in the bin. Cant be too careful with that foreign rubbish.

Q - My Hydrangea has grown too big for my wee garden, i'd like to transfer it into a large container at the back of my house. when is the best time?

A - Just after "Star trek", but if you cant be bothered to move your arse to do it, then leave the bloody thing to die-it's only a sodding Hydrangea for christ's sake, now if it was a cannabis plant.....

Q - Early in the year i planted several conifers, to say i'm disappointed is putting it mildly. Despite giving them plenty of fertiliser and putting the water sprinkler on them almost daily, most are turning brown and TWO HAVE DIED!!!!

A - Well?? as far as i'm concerned, you're just a total failure and a whining nobody. Do'nt try and get in with the big guys of this game, i bet you buy all your stuff brand new out of them bloody garden centres, grow things out of them sodding packets of seeds and go on about "getting the bird 'table and summerhouse built" you're a bleedin' NOWHERE and you can shove your conifers up your rear end.

Q - Some of my rhubarb went soft earlier than usual this year and the leaves withered.

A - Oi'd say that some bloody dog's z gone and pissed all over it. MARK MOI WORDS, the same happened with my aspidistra.

Q - For some months, my lawn has been developing brown patches surrounded by healthy looking grass. Despite watering, spiking and re-seeding, i can't get rid of them.

A - It's bloody dog's crap isn't it? any bloody fool with any amount of sense could know that. Did'n't you check your shoes? Watch out for worms.

Q - Why hasn't My Clematis, planted three years ago, flowered this year?

A - Because it's likely went off to the great gro-bag in the sky. Turdhead!

Any queries about your garden, window box or beard? just send them with a SAE + £4.26 compulsory consultation fee (or no reply whatsoever).

to:

THE RED LION INN
NEWTON CRUNNITT
ANGUS, SCOTLAND

do not send in the plant concerned, or we'll come and smash up your garden.

EASILY GROWN
INDOORS
SOIL FROST
HARDY,
CHOCOLATE

FRUIT
NURSERIES (Dept NW4/11), South Woodham, Chelmsford

OBITUARY Issue 7 20p
For foreign Punk Fanatics and all the Haircut 100 freaks out there, Very interesting stuff indeed, let a bit more be known for us uneducated fellows unaccustomed to U.S vibes. in this latest exciting edition, Special Forces meet with Arrogant Agitator from Sweden, Pandemonium from Holland, Harris, Corporation of Conformity Invest in British Telecom and... and... oh but i'm telling you the plot, so and buy it, it's all done in the best possible taste. Mick Slaughter, 16 Cold Blow Crescent, Bexley, Kent, Da5. 2ds.

Advertisement (honestly)



BEWARE OF GUN-CRAZY HE-MEN!



TIRED of being spat upon? always "spineless" try the CHUCK MAP body building kit

'IT BROUGHT OUT THE MAN IN ME' - joan collins £40 per kit

'ACE!' - larry grayson

CHUCK MAP

IT'S A MUST!

Another satisfied customer!



recommended by AVON cosmetics hit squad

OUT AND ABOUT

WITH THE BEALERS

29

RINGING EARS

AND HEAVY EXPENSE ACCOUNTS FROM
VARIOUS CONCERNED
NONENTITIES

CONFICTING "VIEWS" Part 105

CONFLICT - 62 club, Aberdeen

Once again the claustrophobic corners of the sixty-two club beckon me forward to witness another knees-up, and this time it's the housewife's favourites, those conservative sympathisers CONFICT. On the way through their british tour, it's the first time that these chaps have ventured to this territory, and it was not to be missed.

With a healthy crowd (no pallid skin and runny noses in tonight) in force, it promised to result in an evening of punky pleasure... Perhaps if they'd done a joint tour with Howard Keel, then we'd have had several hundred senile grey heads swilling tins of export and writing graffiti in the toilets.

First to take their spots (and other nasty things) on-stage were, er.. i can't seem to remember, the name escapes me, but they generated a loud array of fuzz and distortion, mainly due to the fact that the p.a. was not in the best of moods and hence, a poor sound emitted, which caused considerable ringing in the ear area for a while after.

Icons of Filth bounced on like the anarcho-spokesmen we knew they were, and delivered a fair set, which would have been great apart from the bad sound.

The men of the moment took the long straw and went on third. This was the signal for significant crowd response, and they looked satisfied. Taking their X-marked positions and looking a lot less hairier than of late, the Conflicted ones mustered up many masses of flying forms falling and flopping on the floor. But for those bloody amps, which must've had it in for anyone and everyone, the vocals would have progressed beyond the muffled mouthings; but Colin let off the steam by knocking out the stage's resident woodworm with the mike stand.

An interesting night out, but WOOAH THERE BOY, was that a beefburger that i saw sticking out of Colin's back pocket? Somehow i fear not.... BIG AL EINSTEIN 3rd

The 7 deadly Sin-atras

FRANK SINATRA IN ACTION AT MADISON SQUARE GARDENS

Frank sinatra live at Madison Square gardens

WOWEE! howsabouts THIS for instant credibility? a free ticket to the society gig of the year, and what a gig! Big 'F' himself, revitalised by some recent neuro brain surgery and his new 'macho' leather, bristles studs 'n' acne look.... Eat your heart out Liberace! also the addition of Angus Young from AC/DC to perform, as frank himself later put it, "Some shit-hot guitar riffs" with the help of the dancing nuns courtesy of the Damned!

As i entered the cramped, sleazy confines of Madison square thingumyjig blah blah, it was i who witnessed the bouncers evicting several dozen seig-heiling skinheads bearing banners with slogans such as "Adolf was right all along" if they had came in order to try and put Frank off his mark then they'd have been hard put to even make his eyes water.

Settling down with my box of FRANK popcorn, i witnessed more yobberry in the shape of the infantile boozing of the RAMPANT PHALLUS' a punk band from China no less....c'mon frank, sweet and sour chicken is one thing, oriental anarchy is a bit too much.

They failed to stimulate any members of the audience.....and more boredom came in the shape of BOB HOPE'S ARSE.....which generally generated a feeling of dulled senses amongst the jeering crowd. Only the quick thinking of the Italian heavies saved the bassi from a sticky death at the hands of the angry front row-ers, who were spotted as having Liz Taylor, Kenneth Williams and Charles Bronson right in the thick of it!

The P.A. system roared. "And heeeeeeeeeeeeere's Frankie! !!!" amidst a dazzle of spotlights and white teeth, the man of the moment enters stage centre, walking down the stairs of the replica Taj Mahal stage set..... Leather strides and blue rinse bouffant of spontaneous human combustion had taken place among the crowd.

"This one's for Billy Idol, Johnny Rotten and T.V. Smith, it's called HELSEN WAS A GAS" and straight into a firecracker performance that would have made LEMMY hang his bass in shame. Strutting the stage like a man possessed, (by the hire purchase firm) Frank looked pleased. "Come on you mother f***ers, i wanna see you move your asses" the headbanging crowd loved every minute of it.... who said Captain Sensible is the king when it comes to stage vulgarity? this old codger the fritz! Be it with his mike swinging act, the beer swilling and a-spilling hectic moments bordering on discordian thrash in the 100 mile an hour "I'm far funnier than Bob Hope" or the frenzied fuzz attack of "Nuclear missiles are'n't all THAT bad y'know" the masses bopped and flopped to a set of sheer sulphate rock.

"Anyone in here tonight with hammaroids? - asked Frank, waving a toilet roll - This one's for you, it's called "Fat arsed nobody" leaping from a P.A. stack a la Vanian. After a scuffle with an obviously-the-worse-for-wear-due-to-booze David Soul, wearing a leather jacket with "GOD IS A SOD" emblazoned on the back in gloss, who tried to punch one of the dancing nuns, Frank took a vicious edge and a handful of valium, to see him to the last chords of a manic "VOODOO CHILE" and a totally obscene "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER" although STAR was changed for a nasty word...not nice at all!

Sinatra took out a can of McEvans, "You're all a bunch of faggot NOWHRES" he snarls, and after taking out a glass eye, storms offstage.

The crowd are going apeshit! several chairs are being hurled to the compere, who is up onstage declaring that Frank has locked himself in a toilet and Refuses to come out. "A bad trip...he must be coming down or something" is the rumour." A difference in the fee" is the official reason. A man next to me jumps up to aim a punch at a riot-steward, Chaos seems certain.

Finally, just as it looked as though the punters were going to take the hall to pieces, he asserts himself to his duties and launches into a state of perpetual apathy, with the REEKIES of ZAPPA!!: "MY WAY" again, a few more self compositions and the final encore of an obscene "MY WAY"....throwing his mike into the audience in disgust, which nut KATIE BOYLE on the head, and a court case is to follow.

Outside i mingled with the rioting crowd, Dickie Henderson was arrested drunk and disorderly and Jimmy Tarbuck was chancing his luck. Sinatra was their hero, but how long will the geriatric guru of chaos last????? stay tuned folks, and buy his new album etc etc....

NO MOIRA HEROES?

MOIRA ANDERSON/SUBHUMANS
ODDY'S CLUB, OLDHAM

"It's a bloody wild performance you're going to see here tonight" assured the chap at the door as he lovingly snatched my fee from my sweaty grasp. It had better be ,that was mums gas money that I had taken out of the piggy bank, and was now being thrust hurriedly into the damp confines of a rusted cash box.

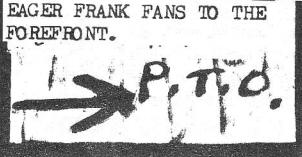
Striving to cater for all tastes,Oddy's have laid on a special traditional Scottish Highland and Punk Crossover Evening, entitled obviously "Pass The Thistle Relish,Morag" on Moira's own advice.Having seen Moira at the first 100 Club punk festival in '76,failing to please the management into allotting her a place,with a raucous busking mixture of punk

EAGER FRANK FANS TO THE FOREFRONT.

P.T.O.



pleased punters cheer as Conflict thrash on...



AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY PRETENTIOUS

31

CULTURE CORNER - with monty offal

An instalment of indispensable instantaneously important information for all the high society inebriate (persian) carpet-crawlers is about to unfold in front of your monocled eyes..... our daring reporter PAUL BRUCE alias "CHAMPERS CHAFLIE" has been hard at work, what with rubbing shoulders with the top brass at garden parties, banquets and royal film premiere's and the like. after his arduous ordeal, he managed to reveal that he had come across several "Hot art-cultural documents which could either make us unbelievably rich or the exact reverse." Unfortunately, after unsuccessfully trying to sell our stuff to various concerns, the latter was to be. Nevertheless, judge for your own mind.



The Unknown side of George Bernard Shaw

As you may know, some of Shaw's later works have been discovered in a fish shop in Brighton. They were being used to wrap chips in. After painstaking recovery work by "Slick Sid's Antiques", most of the plays have been restored. Here for the first time, we attempt to review these brilliant new works. First the earliest one.



SHAW 'dead'

"Mr Drügen's story."

This play has a timeless element set in 1897. It tells of a submarine attack on Wales and how, after a desperate attempt to light a cigarette, Drügen realises that man's betrayal of himself will lead to a chain reaction leading ultimately to the abolishment of British Rail.

A moving story, Drügen's character is examined in depth, his relations with Bella, and her ultimate rejection of him to a life of surrogate parenthood. Reprinted here is the scene where Drügen is finally rejected by Bella.

BELLA : "Just FUCK OFF Drügen, Just FUCK OFF!!!!"
DRÜGEN : "But bella, what will I do? You can't leave me for 'BABIES INTERNATIONAL'"
"How am I going to make Yorkshire pudding?"
BELLA : "Look, Slicken Sidney said £500 a week! I'm not going to stay here if I can get that!"

(EXIT BELLA, DRÜGEN LOOKING PENSIVE)

DRÜGEN : "I wish I had a match"

Genius! Sheer genius! We are left wondering at the end of act 2 whether Drügen really is going to light a cigarette with a match, or worse still, set fire to his trousers. Shaw at his cliff-hanging best.

The second play is called....

"Berna's bath."

It concerns the growing realisation of womanhood in a young girl (I3) and the terrible conflicts in her emotions. The main plot deals with her attempts to get her father out of the toilet so she can have a bath. Here is the scene where BERNNA confronts her femininity and her father (offstage in the toilet) simultaneously.

BERNA : "C'mon dad, get out, I want to take a bath."
DAD : "Alright Berna, have your bath....er....is it alright if I get to watch?"

(BERNNA SIGHES)

DAD : "What are you doing?"

BERNA : "I'm going to change my tights"

DAD : (after a long pause) "Er..... Berna..."

BERNA : "Yes?"

DAD : "There's something I have to tell you, er, you're not REALLY a GIRL, you see, you're mother so wanted a daughter, and you know how stubborn she is....."

(EXIT BERNNA, FUMING)

Seen at the KING KURT gig at the Brixton Ace T¹, other week were no less than Viscount Linley, (who thought it "Rather a jolly throw") Esther Rantzen, who was right up at the front with the Kurt courtege, Captain Sensible - who joined in with the frolics and was wearing a rather catching rabbit outfit. Bobbing about in the crowd was the galloping gourmet D.J JIMMY YOUNG, whom everyone thought was going to take part in ye olde snakebite comp. CLEMENT FREUD won it by miles and BERYL REID got the complimentary slop bucket. PETE MURRAY(D.J) and ERIC

SYKES propped up the bar, Russel Harty got "a wee bit shaken" in a crowd stir-up down the front and had to be given smelling salts. Bob Monkhouse was there, "RELAX" attire on as well, jumping onstage and trying to grab Maggot's saxophone was Jasper Carrott and there were surprise backing vocals from an under-the-affluence-of-incoholt NORMAN WISDOM!!! I also spotted Callum Kennedy making a rare appearance and giving the instructions to caber-tossing. NICK BEGGS was slagging off the pope and Bruce Forsyth was busy being sick in the corner. Obviously he didn't play his cards right....(groan) all in all, it was a brilliant gig and as a treacle covered SNEDGY later put it"SGFTN, LIUOFDRS BHNTREI"....so there you have it!!

exclusive

The next play, "TRAUMA AT C AND A" deals with the social issue of a failure coming to terms with society and being thrown out of Woolworths. BATTELMANN, the failure, is trying to buy a copy of "The Sun" when he is stopped by a policeman, symbolic here, of society in general.

COPPER : "Look here BUM! you're coming with me for being drunk and disorderly!"

BATTELMANN : (swaying, clutching a bottle) "I'm not drunk honestly i'm not"



As I write, the future of the plays are uncertain. Slicken Sidney has opened a multi-national and says he is looking forward to doing more business with Bert's chippie in the near future.

"The beauty of Battersea power station."

Shaw's final new play, has a subtle way of dealing with violence. The hero, BLUTO, is a strangely simple man, who, despite the treatment bestowed on him by the police, still retains his dignity by beating up old men. In this scene, BLUTO hiding behind a call-box pounces on an old man.

BLUTO : (punch) "YOU STUPID OLD BASTARD! (punch) You might've known I'd be here" (Punch)
OLD MAN : (bleeding) "But I like.... OUCH!.... walking down the....UCH!
....street. Battersea is..... OUCH!.... beautiful just now....
OUCH!...."

BLUTO : "Oh shut up and bleed" (punch, punch)

Oh well, must dash
for now, see you
next i-h.
TOODLE-PIP! Monty



WE HERE AT BEAL MAKE THE TEA PUT ON SOME GOOD VIBES AND

32

ARE
YOU
A

CALL ME A LIAR
PAL?

WHO
HE?

ASK

FUNKIN
PUNK ROCK
FOOT!

BORING BASTARD?

By MICHAEL FOOT

IT'S FOR ALL THE TRENDY WEEKENDERS!

DO HUNDREDS CORRECT THEIR ROUTE ON SIGHT OF YOU COMING DOWN THE STREET? Does the sight of (Quote) "Punk bastards with hair like an exploded Hedgehog, HA HA HA!!" Cause you to break out into a violent temper and announce how a short back and sides and a spell in the army would "Sort the junkies out."???????? Do you verge on heart failure at the news that WHAM! have a new single coming out next week? Is your philosophy that of "WE LOVE MAGGIE, RONNIE AND THE WONDERFULLY PROTECTIVE CRUISE MISSLES"? Is the wit of Bob Monkhouse likely to cause you to break out in convulsions of raucous laughter? Is your idea of a weekend "A few dozen jars with the boys, kick some head, have a chunky's, and then home to sort out the old slag, Knowworra mmeeannn???" (How manly of you, i must say. YAWN!) IF SO The let it be said, without fear of contradiction that you have passed this test with flying

colours (Blood and vomit tone) For all the punky, psychedelic and otherwise level headed frames who are out there, gloating at this rancid type, do not be upset if you fail with no points (The less the better!) For this is a quiz to sort out all the wisely inclined people from the mind-numbing BORING BASTARDS.....

Is the grip of DURAN DURAN around your beer belly and tightening? Do you require oxygen after being carried off the disco floor after showing everyone your latest routine during "The Reflex"???? Do you keep Spandau Ballet pin ups hidden underneath your chest wig box?

Professor JIM BONKERS of the Forfar College of Floyd And Inebriation, has kindly lent his services from his latest work, a look into the world of the boring bastard (Tedium Phallic head) To compile this quiz... Read on and may the biggest beer gut win.

& FOR ALL WHO Believe in The "JUN"

WHAT IS YOUR BEST DRINKING RECORD?

- A) 47 pints (At least!)
- B) 30 pints, before i went out for the night with the lads.
- C) Can't remember really.
- D) 12 cokes. Straight, no ice!

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF "ELECTRIC SHOCK-HAIRED YOUNGSTERS"?

- A) Hang the idlers!
- B) YYEAAAYY!! We arra people!!
- C) Frankly, i think it's a DISGRACE AND they're all drug addicts!!!!
- D) No comment, They look too rough.

A BLOKE STARTS ON YOU IN THE PUB, DO YOU...

- A) Ignore him totally.
- B) Put down the other two guys you're Hammering, put down your pint and kill him!
- C) Break down a plead forgiveness.
- D) People are too scared to start on me.

DO'NT YOU REALISE THAT VIOLENCE IS UNNECESSARY?

- A) Piss off you bastards, i'll kill you, right?
- B) Yes, but i know this little place.
- C) If they wnat to mangle me into a bloodied heap, i do'nt mind.....
- D) You starting pal? Ah'll Bloody WASTE Ye, eh?call me a liar would ye?

The "REFLEX" IS PLAYED ON THE DISCO, DO YOU.....

- A) Stay put. Modern dancing is far too dangerous.

- B) Open your shirt revealing hairy chest with plentiful glod chains & shock everyone with your new routine
- C) Laugh into your pint.
- D) Crash onto the dance floor, knocking everyone over, give your legendary John Travolta impersonation, pull down your trousers exposing your rear and end up being carried out screaming and punching.

NAME YOUR 4 FAVOURITE GROUPS/ ACTS.

- A) WHAM! Culture Club, Duran Duran and Spandau ballocks.
- B) Cliff Richard, The Andrews sisters, Frank Ifield and Ken Dodd.
- C) Duran Duran, Duran Duran, Frankie goes to Hollywood and Duran Duran.
- D) Damned, Crisis, Buzzcocks, Discharge (Or otherwise)

THE WHAT DOES THIS REMIND YOU OF?

- A) Someone with their head screwed on the right way if you ask me.
- B) A Nazi thug (I Think)
- C) 2 people with electric shocks.
- D) OH MY GOD, Does your mother know you're out like that?

SOMEONE SPILLS YOUR DRINK. DO YOU...

- A) Kill him immediately.
- B) Buy him one, just in case...
- C) Show signs of disapproval and protest until they buy you another drink, hoping that they're not a boring bastard.
- D) Demand them to lick it all up, or else it's death...

SOMEONE IN THE PUB IS GOING ON ABOUT HOW HARD/GOOD IT WAS IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS. DO YOU...

- A) Realise that they're a boring bastard and retreat to a peaceful spot free from such people.
- B) Listen to them and try and beat

ARE YOU a BORING BASTARD? CONTINUED 33

TH
for the
and a

them by telling the biggest times-were-hard-but-we-were-happy story, no matter HOW unbelievable.

- C) Agree entirely - in case they get violent.
- D) Kill everyone in a fit of jealous rage (OR threaten to....)

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YOU ARE AT A PARTY WHICH NEEDS LIVENING
-beau UP. DO YOU...

Stop drips A) Skin-out in search of a party that is'nt full of boring bastards.....

B) Never go to parties.

ALSO M C) Pour the goldfish bowl over your head, "Moon" to all the females (Horrors) in the room, and dance on the tables singing rude songs.

Ful D) Start to drink as much free drink as possible, be sick over the stereo and throw everyone about with intent to maim.

DUNLOP LATEX AND FOAM WHAT DO YOU DO OF A SATURDAY AFTERNOON?

A) Buy a crate of heavy, put on your smelliest socks, lie on the settee watching "World of sport" And farting.

B) Go Down the local, drink AT LEAST twelve pints for a warm up for the evening, and then go down the high street, shouting rude things to young females and singing "Wake me up before you go-go" to the distress of many.

C) Whatever comes to mind.

D) Watch the Open university videos.

YOU SEE SOMEONE SELLING "TOTAL BEAL!" (GOOD ONE, EH?) DO YOU....

A) Buy it - like the sensible kind you are! (Hint hint)

B) Refuse, as it's full of nasty words and pictures of glue-sniffing violent punk rockers with fifty inch tall spikes, and, and.....

C) Tell them where to go, to get a hair cut and to buy the new 9" version of "RELAX" - a snip at only £2.99.....

D) Rip all their hair out, vomit over the nearby phone box, and stagger about threatening anyone whom you think is going to look at you.

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Dead to the world...

34

Screaming dead

If there is anyone out in the darkened wings of xeroland who had the impetus to reach forth and purchase a copy of Total Beal's first issue in the cobwebby days of youthful spring '84, then they would undoubtedly noticed, somewhere between it's dodgy columns, a lengthy but mucho cliche'd and very standard interview (My blame!) with a bunch of Lugosi fanatics, sporting vertical-ish locks and a rowdy, Damned style set of tunes, going under the apparent title of the SCREAMING DEAD. That was then. I am now a big bit disappointed at the way that i set out that article, so, as a recompence for that ungodly act of journalistic jumble-up, it came to my imagination, one rain-swept eve in Mesopotamia road, near Times Square (Strathbogie) that perhaps i owed it to the chaps that they be given a second inclusion in the only known contender to the nigerian peoples gazette, Hmmm... it had been some time since i had heard from them, Just after i sent them a copy of Total Be..... Surely it could'nt have been so bad as to induce Rigor Mortis?

The days passed, as well as a grand total of 349 heavy articulated lorries in front of my modest £126,000 prefab. And then, one day, or was it two's day? (Grooooann..) i recievied a bulging grey envelope (expensively produced, i thought) and not only did i receive a lengthy letter on a rather fetching watermarkd letter headed scribble pad, but i also recievied a generous helping of Screaming Dead badges, eight inches in diameter with "I THINK THE SCREAMING DEAD ARE FAB" in luminescent scroll, as well as a collection of mysterious posters, SCREAMING DEAD - THE DANSE MACARE 4 TRACK 12" OUT SOON! The headline screamed (literally) A further foray into the blue-inked set of literate laudiblity proved that, beyond doubt, the S.D were back to mean business maaaan.

Well, they never really went away, did they? And to prove that there WAS life after 'No Future' records, they had seemingly pooled together their monetary resources and went straight into the construct-something-in-person (DIY) world of music business with their very own company, churning out dodgy waxings under the apt title of "ANGEL RECORDS" - did these chaps sign up Matt Monroe? Did they see having their own company as being an advantage? does it all prove to take the strain on their frail forms?

"Yes, it is an advantage." explains the dead's paper bassist MAL PAGE. (page, page, geddit????) "Because you know exactly what is going on. It is quite hard work, but we have quite a few people working on our behalf, like nine mile distribution and pro-motion in London."

AHA! so they seem pleased with it all...the Screaming Dead running their own record company. That's something that most bands dream about, individuals, fanzine writers, hotdog salesman likewise, but unfortunately it is far from most people's clammy grasp due to that all-important commodity, MONEY. more often than not, the total lack of it. Is their company financed solely by



SCREAMING DEAD - Mark, Tony, Sam, Nick & Mal.

their own pennies, or is it a joint excursion into business land with several like-minded cohorts? Big Mal continues, as he eagerly juggles a copy of "Danse macarbe collection" in my direction.

"The company is financed by loans which have to be paid back, obviously, but we just have to sell enough records to break even, and anything on top goes towards future recordings." A familiar case of a lack of any real profits...i.daresay.

Most of you people out there should know at least SOMETHING about the S.D. after all, with two singles, a five track 12" and a 6 track tape, forced upon the bulging (mostly with poor quality) indie market. The Screaming Dead have stood out from the others, is it perhaps due to the statistics that they average 14 foot in height each, and have a luminous orange complexion? No, for me, they are perhaps the most original, innovative and by & largely altogether excellent band that has surfaced in the past three of four years. While their lyrics do seem to have a distinct tendency to be leaning towards the more morbid things in life (i.e. Death) the are nevertheless a welcome change in these days of endless songs about War, vivisection etc, churned out in the same repetitive way. Most of all, the Screaming Dead seem to turn out rowdy classics that come from the Damned school of muse, more than anything else, with alarming ease. The guitar sound being quite original and making a change from hectic fuzz.

Their catalogue of crime started in 1982, when "Valley of the dead" single was released, followed up by the faberoobee "Childeren of the boneyard stones" cassette, which was soon sold out and gained a lot of eager ears awaiting for the follow up. And it soon came. The under-rated "Night creatures" 12" under-bought it was too, if you have the chance to buy it, get it! if you already have'nt got it, you do'nt know what you'r

Screaming dead

Maxwell house's daughter may have buck teeth, Acne, Horn-rimmed ½-inch thick NHS specs, matted greasy hair and leprosy. Or maybe he's just got a som... and that's a bit too drastic, even for a cool million. Drastic measures should be left to

the ruler of the country... (geddit? geddit?) b) F**K it..) P*Raps they've tried it? An emphatic "No, unfortunately" is the reply to the question as to whether they have been offered/taken part in any overseas excursions. On the A reg Screaming Dead Triumph Herald estate "South of FRANCE, Boys!" off to the sun! Cigs nice girls and booze...hmm...!

Do they think that people other than punks take an interest in their music and maybe even stand on rooftops shouting "WE LOVE THE SCREAMING DEAD!" in a rather loud tone?

"Well, i don't know about shouting from rooftops, etc! but you'd be surprised at the different types of people into the band." Politicians? Ferret breeders? Paul Daniels look-alikes? Yes, i can very well believe that..... most people have several different types of music that they like, as opposed to strictly one type. C'mon spikoids, take out those Demis Roussos l.p.'s from underneath the bed. Any amusing events happened in the life and times of the screaming people of late? i.e. Sam being attacked by a killer microphone or Tony exploding in the bath, etc, etc...

"Yes, many things-like the van breaking down (in tears?) and Mark the drummer falling off the back of the stage at Stevenage." AHA! a slate case of intoxthecathun afoot? Hmmmm, definately something funny.... perhaps some evil person stole his stool midway through "Do you wanna cremation" or someone sawed the stage in half, mid-set? We shall never know. What we DO know is that Mal winds up this interview with a Yale latch-key, and this excerpt from the dead's manifesto. "Hopefully a new single will be out in January, we will try and spend more money on recording and hopefully it will be brilliant.... also, we haven't gigged as much as we would have liked to, due to lack of BYEEEEEEEEE!!!"

Sooooo, there you have it, it goes without saying that they are going to go from strength to strength (and pub to pub) so look out! The screaming Dead are after YOU!

STONES...

May i also take this opportunity to thank Mal Page for taking the time and patience to read my grotty, unworthy scribblings, masquerading as "Letters" and for his much appreciated part in the interview, NEXT ISSUE, Tony McCormack shows me how to play "Old Macdonald had a farm" and how NOT to play "Dr.Jekyll and Mr.Hyde." uCAN STUDIOS...

P.S. their "Children of the boneyard Stones," cassette has been re-released, so be sure and grab it while it's there (the cassette that is) available from small wonder records.

MACK...

1945. LIVE IN LONDON. CHURCHILL

out now!

The Wilderness Years; Archive Bootlegs

SCREAMING + DEAD INFORMATION -
1/24 BATH RD., FLAT 2, CHELTENHAM, GLOS.
TEL...TONY...402421...510634...

SCREAMING DEAD INFORMATION
1/24 BATH RD., FLAT 2, CHELTENHAM, GLOS.
TEL...TONY...402421...510634...

Dingwall Granny Knows Secret Of The Stars

DINGWALL grandmother, Mrs Elsie Bucket, has claimed that she knows the secret of the universe. "It all lies in the molecular structural theory of stratospheric electric currents, the rapid transformation, since time immemorial, of ultra violet rays into a feasible mass of radioactive synthesis and an awful lot of L.S.D."

96-year old Mrs Bucket, who claims that she taught KEITH MOON "All about coke" has resurfaced after a long stint of drug abuse and is putting the finishing touches to her own life story "Why I like to take lots and lots of ACID" out soon on Trippin' books, and is also working on a "Joint" album with ROGER WATERS of PINK FLOYD fame.

Mrs Bucket gained national notoriety in the "Psychedelic age" in the late 60's when she went roadie-ing with such pop bands as the ROLLING STONES, DOORS, PRETTY THINGS and WINSTON COOTLE AND THE 42-GRAND HAMMERS. Neighbour Mr Sam Mucus, commented "Mrs Bucket is a well known figure in Dingwall, if she's not skateboarding down the main street, then she's hanging from a lamppost or something."

From her modest £3.46 house, Elsie, who sports a peroxided red and green perm, went further into the matter.

"People have accused me of being a bad influence and that's just nonsense - I'm an appalling influence." She hit the headlines in 1967 when she claimed that the real shape of the world was in fact, triangular and Stonehenge was a cro magnon macdonald's beefburger takeaway.



ELsie BUCKET - 'appalling influence'

save THE WHALES!

YES, the time has come for all people who honestly believe that Michael Aspel is the greatest human being ever to live, to act now and kick out these mad Japs and Commies from the seas and give 'em a sly kick in the groin area. These wonderful creatures, the WHALES (not the russkys) are in danger and getting quite upset at running the risk of being harpooned, only to end up on the plate of a saki-swilling Toyota car worker or 17 stone female navvys with "I LOVE SPUTNIK" tattoos.

Let's see what the ordinary whale in the ocean has to say. Here is A. WHALE. owing to his fear of repercussions by oriental sub-aqua heavies, Mr Whale appears in silhouette and wishes to maintain his anonymity by refusing to give his address and real name etc.

Yeah, they just come up like, and blow the living daylights out of you. suddenly i found myself thinking "I'm an endangered species" and had no place to turn to, until a friend suggested i try the Michael Aspel institute for scared whales and ever since then i find life a lot better, especially with my exchange holidays with an elderly couple in Bolton, England.

Being a bit wary of bands from the Grass/Corpus Christi area, I turn to the Lost Cheree's LP. The said bands turn out to be over-fuzzed Crass imitations with over-direct heavily anarchistic lyrics and the like - if they put 'em over in a different way, then they'd be a bit more bearable, which the L.C.'s manage to handle just fine. I'm happy to say that this, their debut LP is one gen of a platter, easily bringing a worthy follow up to their classic "A Man's Duty, A Woman's Place" EP.

Here they ape The Monkees, with the punky version of the big N's classic "Pleasant Valley Sunday" - it is... handled with all finesse and it loses none of it's 60's atmosphere (mainly in the chorus) it ends the LP but what is there between that and "Blind Or Dead"? - the answer? - 14 helpings of excellent vibes. "Nervous Breakdown" and "Escalation" - the latter being a "reggae-ish" number, pave the way for more scrumptious punk which is far

lost Cheree's LP. The said bands turn out to be over-fuzzed Crass imitations with over-direct heavily anarchistic lyrics and the like - if they put 'em over in a different way, then they'd be a bit more bearable, which the L.C.'s manage to handle just fine. I'm happy to say that this, their debut LP is one gen of a platter, easily bringing a worthy follow up to their classic "A Man's Duty, A Woman's Place" EP.

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Then we are faced up with "You're Psychadelite".

"You, I'm Me" which is reminiscent of a Banshees song. "Nothing New" struck me straightforward as having the identical guitar line as WIRE'S "Lowdown" from the Roxy LP. Then we tackle a poem - actually it turns out to be put to music with some catchy guitar twanging altho, the singer sounds a bit under the weather.

A crash course in "TOTAL BEAL!" readership in need of here? "Why Does It Have To Be A Dream?" and "Young and Free" are par excellence ("Trendy" etc) but "We Still Comes The Rain" doesn't come up to the same standards. "The Wait" is more like it, while the remaining 4 tracks prove to be of the high standard already displayed. At the end of it all, you're left with one of the best albums of late and a band that doesn't need to drown everything out in fuzz to prove that they can play. Proving that there is still some originality about.

Purchase this to your feet's content and may your tonsils ignite in accordance.

LOST CHERRIES -
"ALL PART OF GROWING UP"
EL FIZZO...

Sweet music?

You, I'm Me" which is reminiscent of a Banshees song. "Nothing New" struck me straightforward as having the identical guitar line as WIRE'S "Lowdown" from the Roxy LP. Then we tackle a poem - actually it turns out to be put to music with some catchy guitar twanging altho, the singer sounds a bit under the weather.

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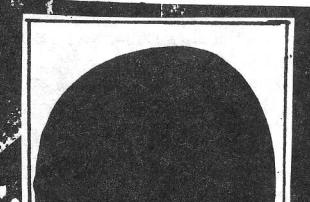
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to walk the earth BECAUSE _____

FOR A CAUSE?

VARIOUS GUITAR NON-HEROES etc.

"CAUSE FOR CONCERN" Compilation cassette

37

display some well played, excellently recorded stuff. "Have a pogo" Finishes their round in leaping about styleeee..watch out for these chaps! The track by Aberdeen's PREMATURE BURIAL isn't as good as i'd have thought, after the choice cuts on their "Morpheus" Cassette, Why didn't "life's Blood" Get a re-run X-Hummed? And then that leaves us with the Legendary Aberdonian raunch rocky fellows TOXIK EPHEX, whom i rate very much as being a band to watch out for (If they get recognised by the big cheeses) and they come out with some excellant melodies, from some gig or other, the ace "Fallout shelter" Which has a lead bass line not unlike some ELITZ fave or other (But is quite different, if you know what i mean???) The ever-present Bullshit detector 2' slice "Police Brutality" and the Anthemic "Take your share" Which has to be one of THE unreleased punk classics....This offering is made all the more highly purchaseable by the fact that along with the best tracks, which are just Demanding to be heard you'll get a great idea of just what the punk scene is like up here in the frozen north.... £1.50 and SAE to X-Hummed, 32E Logie Avenue, Aberdeen, Scotland, and you also get some nice info sheets as well.....Buy this and help keep a crumbling punk rock soul in fish paste bitties (Only after 5,000 sales i expect..)



THE HEDGEHOGS in pre gig shot, while admiring fans look on....



Sun

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THE
Sun

WHY JOHN NOAKES SAYS EX-SUN page 3 bird in Whitehouse 3 in a bed sex storm.
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In the worst taste

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FRED OF TOXIK
EPHEX

'HITLER TRIED THE SAME IN GERMANY'

Owners of lorries, buses, vans and bulldozers will have to change route if the CLACHNACUDDAN citizens action group get their way. Their protest is over the use of such vehicles on the roads round the local primary school. The affair came to a head when 3 seven year old girls were completely flattened after being run over by a steamroller last Friday. The driver, Mr Tom Mix was subsequently charged under the not-looking-where-you're-going act 1876. He was sentenced to 306 years hard emroidery at Barlinnie prison, but many local citizens called the sentence " TOO LENIENT " and went on in great detail about their families troubles over the past 57 years.

Local resident and "TREASURER" of the committee, Mrs Agatha Stomach-Bile commented "It's a disgrace - the kid community are at an unbelievable risk, There are often gangs of juggernauts passing by at incredibaly high speed and you can often hear the drivers cackling insanely with evil intent to themselves, and only this morning one man was seen to be foaming at the mouth. Too many deaths have been caused and it's high time that something was done about this scandal"

300 anxious parents picketed the industrial estate where the lorries come from, and later on, 678 publicity seeking nobodies turned up to laugh. After a few minor scuffles and a noisy rendition of "Anarchy in the uk", the demonstration broke up peacefully and left no impression whatsoever on the local council. East Clachnacuddan councillor Terry Mc Rupture was the first to air his views, as well as several pairs of personalised briefs, on the matter." Well obviously the idea is ludicrous, by taking the present route the drivers are saving approx. 4.673 pence per journey than they would if the alternative route were used. public transport too. Now is'nt that going to be finacially secure in the long run? Okay, so there are the odd blood-soaked mangled corpses here and there but it's just as safe as it is in Namibia, Lyons or Bradford"

Headmaster of the school Mr P. Dough-Fyle, commented, "The whole idea of keeping the route is LUDICROUS, i am adamant on the argument that it be abolished. I believe that there is a russia plot financing the drivers to slowly decimalise the british youth. Hitler tried the same in Germany, bribing bus drivers to run over invalid jew sandwich board men, dustmen and the odd pensioner and the like "

The result of the matter lies in the clammy hands of the local council, who are likely to settle the episode over a bottle of Lambrusco.

In the meantime, reports have it that several crazed moped riders and pushbiking senior citizens have also tried to run over the school children and also that their lollipop man A. Pensioner, (104) has been blown up. The angolan peoples liberation army have declared responsibility. More news as it comes in folks! REUTERS.

"Cause for concern"

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BOYS, "TOTAL
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BE ON SALE IN
HALF AN HOUR!

NUNS BEATEN

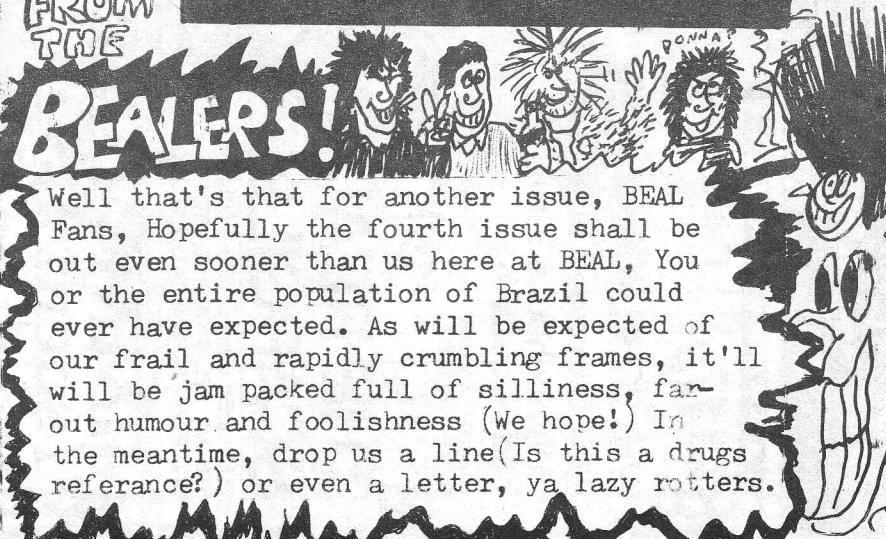
The St. Francis nuns premier eleven were beaten last night in a nail biting 4-2 game against the Florence nightingale sisters of mercy wanderers at their exhilarating battle of skills at the Julie Andrews" Institute for the good" stadium .

It was an exciting match with both sides showing good form. Several close moments came in the first 22 minutes of play, then in the 23rd, sister Keegan powered in a dynamic left footer to the back of Wanderers net. Jubilant scenes abounded and the eleven's spirits (?) were higher when, in the 40th, Hoover was brought down by wanderers midfielder Yoghurt within the penalty box. The resulting kick was taken by Anne, and after a dramatic save by goalie Dalglish, Budd recovered the ball, put over a quick pass to Keegan and a smooth run into the net. After the half time Eucharist wafers, and the compulsory confessions, Wanderers returned with a vengeance, and no sooner had they kicked off than a vicious tackle by Christ to Keegan brought about a nasty argument with referee Brian Clough. Before long a full-scale exchange of threats were being made, and Wanderers 2 defenders Black and Decker were sent off, mainly for putting the boot into Theresa of the St Francis eleven. Subs Peters and Rawlings were brought on after the swift backhander to the referee by Best, and play went on. Some ace dynamic football followed as Wanderers took a spectacular goal in the 10th minute, a brilliant header from Andrews which clearly caught everyone offguard. A rocket of a shot from Midfielder Best went straight into the eleven's goal in the 19th, which brought the score even. A flying tackle by Hoover brought Best down in the penalty box and after a first attempt, which sent goalie Pagoda flying into the cameramen and requiring incense to bring her round, the referee ruled that it should be taken again and best hammered in her 2nd goal of the match, their 3rd, in the 32nd minute. Colourful events occurred after a scuffle between Rawlings who brought down Hoover. Rawlings was sent off. The crowd reaction, 67,000 strong, mainly made up of monks, nuns, bishops, vicars and several ex-popes, was to start throwing several bottles at the riot Parsons, and at one point, a pitch invasion seemed certain. 2 Minutes before time, Matriani whacked in a scorcher of a power shot that would have made Pele look third division! This kept the Wanderers in blessing until the final whistle and the usual exchange of crosses. A fine game and a sign that these goddamn bible thumpers sure know how to play a mean game when they feel like it!

Jimmy greaves (deceased)

St Frances' eleven
PAGANINNI/ ANNE/ THERESA/ PAGODA/ HOOVER/ KEEGAN/
CLAMPETT/ ROBSON/ BUDD/ SMITH/ THOMPSON
subs COLLINS/ GUSSETT

Florence Nightingale Wanderers
DALGLISH / YOGHURT / MATRIANI / LEE / CHARITON /
STURROCK / CHRIST / PINEAPPLE / BEST / DECKER / BLACK
/ ANDREWS /
subs RAWLINGS / PETERS
Referee BRIAN CLOUGH. attendance 67,083



ATTENTION DAMNED

fans..

Rarities
WantEd!

Jamesoid requireth more goodly vinyls

and other items by those intrepid budgie

The DAMNED.

items i'd love to get hold of in particular are 'JET BOY JET GIRL' By Cap. Sensible & the Softies, 'I JUST CAN'T BE HAPPY TODAY' 12", LOVE SONG Imports (Esp. French import + Promo's..) All Early stiff singles on IMPORT (+ COVE) All Import versions/Promo's of Albums.... Especially 1st & 2nd Albums with colour vinyl.... Also Live bootlegs (Willing to swap) Tapes, Photo's, Lyrics posters etc.... Good prices given! (Honest!) Also "MORNING BIRD" Single on Young Blood label & Live Bootleg L.P. From Holland... GET WRITING YA TURDS!

OUR DEAR &
DEPARTED(?) CAPTAIN
SENSIBLE, ITALY 1980.

Jamesy,
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Fraserburgh,
Aberdeenshire....

ROLF'S Words of Wisdom

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THE LOOK THEN THE SOUND NOW

THE DAMNED "Grimly Fiendish" ****

After seeing the Captain-less New Line-up do this on Whistle Test, i was set at ease from any previous doubt of the Damned without the Captain. After 2½ years since the classic "Strawberries" Album & I since "Thanks for the night" In all it's Finesse, this puts the Damned in the position of old, a fantastic piece of psychedelic bliss! "Grimly" like all Scabies & Co's material before, has it's own individual sound and can't really be compared to any of the older stuff, apart from it still contains all of the first class songwriting of "Black Album" With Melodys drifting in all over the place, tooting trumpets and jingling harpsichord. pure bliss! Pure class, guv..... that's all it is. I admit to have doubted them in recent months, but i'm sorry all you "Damned are dead" Pundits, for the Damned are back in town!

P.S. Anyone got any addresses of past, present and inebriated Damned members? ...

THE

Bev Francis Dummie's column.

Well, Well, it's Winter again(?)

Do you remember how we used to laugh and sing as the snow came down? I certainly Do'nt.

Do you remember the games we used to play? "Plookter Mannie, Plookter wifie" was my favourite.

How i laughed and laughed at that one! (You're about the only one who did then, ya stiff collared git.- Ed.)

I got a letter from a Mrs BELTER of Arbroath asking whether it was i she saw in "Simon's Sex Shop" recently. Indeed it was, Mrs Belter, and the reason i was wearing the sheer pink tights was that it was Simon's birthday that self-same day.

Time flies, my children, must go and castrate a pallid corpse or two. Love & Rosarys.

FRANCIS

THANK YOU FRANCIS! NOW FUCK OFF BACK TO YOUR PULPIT, YOU DIRTY OLD PERVERT.

Next issue - My memories of Constantinople with a 7 foot male hairdresser from Stockport.

&NOW, it's attention, attention time....

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! PHIL of the old age pensioners' cult band THE ABUSE whom i gave you his address as to send your unwanted leather posing pouches, used paper hankies, carrot soup AND letters to, has suffered the un-nice experience of having aforesaid house burnt down (Honest!) Thankfully, his records WERE saved, and he liveth to hang his head in shame for being in this grotty zine for another day..... ALL ABUSE (NON) CORRESPONDANCE TO BE LEFT IN THE EMACIATED HANDS OF BOGGY, 76 Captains drive, Gracemount, Edinburgh and they still deserve to be hung by the big toes until death prevails... HAH!



PRINCESS MARGARET IN CANNABIS SHOCK, PROBE



NEXT WEEK

IN NEXT WEEKS/MONTH'S/YEAR'S/CENTURY'S ISSUE (Delete where you think can be expected, bearing in mind just how irresponsible we are...) Watch out KING KURT fans, as promised in issue 2, we here at BEAL managed to track down the slightly less smelly KING KURT at a recent Aberdeen flatulence contest, and through a gas mask, managed to get a faberdoobo interview for all the rat infested masses out there. Full photographic evidence of this dubious encounter of the bleached kind will be included, so watch out ya imbecilic thronggggggg..... Be prepared for more of the same as intrepid BEAL scouts rummage the deranged minds and bars of Britain for foolish material (Lurid pink nylon with iron-on polyester geese in flight) For the big "4" Be warned..... ALSO VARUKERS On the question of is there life after teatime, Subhumans in concerto and anything else that comes between us and the taxman. BYEEEEEEEEE!!!

STRAIGHT MUSIC
PRESENTS

CHRISTMAS ON EARTH

the
VARIOUS ARTISTS(?)

HAVE A ROTTEN CHRISTMAS! ***

Rot records feel that it's time that the christmas season, and the vaults of their demo collection, were put into reach of a musical sort for all Non conformists and melon addicts everywhere.. Limited edition it is, unreleased tracks from the Rot collective... The Hotly tipped ANIMAL FARM (But not heard of late) with two vinyl pickings to enjoy.... "Who is your enemy?" being quite brilliant, Grrreatt! The ever-present VARUKERS get their spoke in again, ever intrepidy trying to take over where Discharge left off, and Failing, just the same old thrash stuff that about 80% of new bands try and conquer. The come the obscure NO CHOICE, whom have lain low ever since their classic Riot City e.p. Back with two new offerings. Placed strategically amongst the thrash dominated grooves, their two ballads bring a welcome relief. "Immunity" being a quite medium paced number and "Underground" For me, is THE song on the LP. A wonderfully catchy number which leaves all the rest behind. Barring the pounding vibes of RESISTANCE 77's "Banned from the welfare" one of those 'Heavy' songs which still maintains a great non-thrash line in melodies next to No Choice, this makes an easy second best. THE ENEMY offer a fairly decent song, but i still think that Their 1st album had more to offer than any of their new stuff.... I MAY BE WRONG! Correct me if this is so! RIOT SQUAD, for my money, should never really have re formed. Their first two singles were miles better than the material they've been churning out ever since. THE SKEPTIK are fairly decent, with "WAR DRUM" and "RETURN TO HELL" (i think that was released on a 7" single, wasn't it) Are quite enjoyable, while PARANOIA declare total originality with "1984".... a fair representation of this band capability, but not so good as i have been led to believe. THE highlights of this hard-to-get (If all 1,500 manage to be snapped up plastic outing? No Choice, Resistance 77 and Animal Farm. In that order... hurry hurry hurry while it lasts!

Roger Ramjet.

This funzine belongs to....